



A true line needs no lash

VOL. VI NO. 22

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## Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

### The Campbell Experimental Handicap Creates A Big Laugh Among Turfmen

Anything that "gets a laugh" in these dolorous days is something to be thankful for, it is fairly to be supposed.

Therefore we must regard the "Experimental Handicap" recently promulgated by John B. Campbell, the official handicapper of the New York tracks, as a welcome addition to the list.

For ever since it was given the air there has been more laughing among turfmen—the audience to whom it was addressed—than anything else of the kind within recollection.

The "Experimental Handicap" may be described as a handicapper's toy, invented in England to ease the tedium of the winter months when (over there) racing is suspended.

It came into being some years ago as an expression of the opinion of the official handicapper upon the respective merits of the best 2-year-olds of the past season—and of his ideas about their prospects for the coming one in the 3-year-old classics.

He was not, however, playing the game without keeping a few cards up his sleeve. For, he was careful to explain, the Experimental Handicap was intended as a weight-assignment on a 2-year-old basis.

And that it was not intended as a tipster's sheet for the next season's Derby.

That, however, made no very deep  
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### Leading Winners Are Now In Training At New Aiken Tracks

By WILLIAM POST

In the past few years, there have been two new training tracks built in Aiken, in 1937 the Aiken Mile Track for trotters, and in 1942 The Aiken Training Track for Thoroughbred horses.

This year Aiken has the distinction to have in training, *Shut Out*, the year's leading money winner amongst the Thoroughbreds. He won the total sum of \$238,222.00; one of the races being the coveted Kentucky Derby which has long been one of the most desired stakes of the year. He also won the Belmont Stakes, Arlington Classic, Travers Stakes, Yankee Handicap and Blue Grass  
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### MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS

Syosset, Long Island, New York.  
Established 1877.  
Recognized 1894.  
Operated and maintained by Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island, about 9 miles from kennels.



Every now and again in the winter months there comes a day when frozen earth dissolves into mud, the cutting air turns as deceptively soft as the fur on an angry cat, and the crow of a cock carries two miles.

Such a day gives the foxhunter a breathless anticipatory sensation and the groom a sinking one, and such a day was January 16th.

Hounds met at the Kennels, a mixed pack of 11 1-2 couple and found their first fox in the Burden woods. He made two wide circles over the Jackson, Stevens and Chadwick farms before hounds marked him in the drain in Stevens' fifteen minutes later. Three years ago one of my favorite young enthusiasts, now at the helm of a sub-chaser, told me as we followed hounds on the fourth round over the Jackson farm, "Gee whiz, this is wonderful. I never knew there were such miles of well fenced country on Long Island." It seemed too cruel at the time to disillusion him but the following week the "miles of well fenced country" was duly broken down to five fields times four rounds.

Proof that scenting conditions were excellent having been given, hounds drew through Winthrop's and Howe's and found again on the wooded hill above Ellis'. For the following thirty minutes this fox  
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### BEAUFORT HUNT

R. D. 2, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.  
Established 1929.  
Recognized 1934.



Now that the annual New Year's hunt is over it is about time to give you a few notes about the Beaufort Hunt season so far. Today, January 1, 1943, hounds met at the farm of Mr. Paul R. Gable, honorary whipper-in, who treated the field of 23 to a stirrup cup of New Year's egg-nog.

We have had nearly a week of rain. In fact Dr. Moffitt the Field Master, had to drive through 18 inches of water to get to the meet, the Susquehanna River having come over the road. Naturally the going was very heavy, so a drag was laid on the high ground; a point of about 8 miles, with a 5 mile hack home. Scent was good and hounds followed the line well. Some places we thought hounds were on a fox so skillfully did Kennelman Cover lay the drag. It was nice to have honorary whip, Farley Gannett, with us again. He has been engineering the First Fighter Command airport and hunting with the Marlboro Hunt in Maryland all this season.

Tomorrow, January 2nd, we will have our Junior Hunt, when the juniors will take over; hounds being hunted by the Master's son, E. B. Mitchell, Jr., and whips will be: George R. Moffitt, Jr., son of our Field Master; James Kohr and Miss Fifi Cooke.

December 12th was a banner day  
Continued on Page Eleven

## The Palingenesis Of Geoffrey Gambado

"By Sports like these are all their cares beguiled"

By EXPOSITOR

"I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in the woods of Crete they bayed the bear  
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding; for, beside the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near,  
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

Thus does the Bard pay tribute to the cry of hounds, dear reader, and to the Hounds of Sparta at that! Now, I have sat for hours upon end listening to the relative merits of the English, the Welsh, the Irish, the American, and the Cross-bred Hound discussed by the ablest of Masters, the keenest of Huntsmen, and the most honourable of Honorary Whippers-in and yet I have never once heard a Hound of Sparta mentioned. Think to what heights old William might have risen had he torn himself from Anne Hathaway's cottage long enuf to have filled his ears with the cry of a good Shire pack or even the Cottesmore, with Henry of Devon cheering them on. Beyond doubt we then should have had upon our shelves a "Midwinter's Gay Morning" beside our "Midsummer-Night's Dream." But what can one expect from a man who preferred deer stalking to Fox Hunting?

Lest you, like Shakespeare, remain ignorant of the relative value of the Hounds of our day, and in order that you may distinguish between the var-  
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## Masters Attend Annual Meeting Of Association

Amory S. Carhart And Bayard Tuckerman New Members Of Executive Committee

The Masters of Foxhounds of America held their annual dinner in New York, Friday night, January 29. The dinner was preceded by the annual meeting of the association.

Plunket Stewart, president of the association, had the executive committee luncheon at the Brook Club, after which they had a meeting of the same committee to transact routine business.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Henry Vaughan, the masters were entertained at a cocktail party in the Vaughan Memorial Room at the Brook Club. The Vaughan Memorial Room was given to the Brook Club for the use of the M. F. H. A. by Mrs. Vaughan in memory of her husband, former president of the association.

The annual dinner was held at the Union Club at 7 o'clock. Mr. Stewart acted as toast master. This year there were 53 present at the dinner. They were all seated at one large table but because of the war, this was the first year that the members did not wear scarlet.

Principal guests of honor were J. Spencer Weed, president of the National Horse Show; Lewis E. Waring, president of United Hunts Race Association; Eustis Paine, president of the Brook Club; Reginald Rives, president of the Coaching Club, and  
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## Montpelier 'Chasers Are Getting Ready For Coming Season

The 'chasers from Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's well-known Montpelier stable will soon start training for the steeplechases of the coming season. Montpelier finished 5th in the list of leading 'chasing money winning stables of 1942. Heading its list of winners was Caddie, now a 5-year-old, (Link Boy—Imp. Brown Jill), who won The Brook Steeplechase at Belmont Park.

Billy Jones, trainer for Montpelier, is training 7 horses at Charlottesville, of whom the first 6 will be sold at Pimlico sale in May. The first one is the above mentioned Caddie; Rouge Dragon, 5, ch. g.,  
Continued on Page Seventeen

# Hunting Notes:-



## TO THE MASTERS

We ask you to send in notes to the BERRYVILLE office each week. Hunting men away in the service read their Chronicle, we send it to them.

## Getting More Out Of Present Hounds

Continued From Last Week

BY SGT. B. P. MUELLER

### Notes On The Horn

My horn signals are more or less original, based on experiments to find out what is 'most effective. I have tried to make them as simple, distinctive one from the others, and as few as practical. I have based this on the sort of notes a hound would naturally respond to. This is somewhat a talk-their-language idea. My "gone away" is a series of short notes, pause and repeat; timed about like a hound getting away on a hot trail. Remembering that even the longest voiced hound will "chop" on a hot trail. Almost any hound will respond to it, even if he hasn't been hunted with a horn before.

My note to call hounds in is just the opposite of my "gone away". It is best described as wailing notes, long drawn out and rising and falling as high and low as the limitations of the horn will permit, just two or three ups and downs to a good breath. No hound could confuse the two. Again it is based on "hound language". A lost hound will often "howl" for the others or his master. I blow the same note to call them from a cover drawn blank, to come in when the hunt is over and when approaching the kennel.

While drawing I use just a single short note. If the cover is open I use it very seldom, more often in a thick cover, and three or four times after I have made any sharp turn or change of direction, so the hounds realize I am changing. If it is not used any louder than necessary (wind and woods considered) it won't excite or distract the hounds but keep them in touch with the huntsman.

When a trusted hound opens on an apparently cold line I use the "drawing note" more frequently and add a few "harks" by voice. As hounds gather, the pace picks up and they chime in: I "hark" louder and oftener and horn faster until by the time they are in full cry I am blowing a "gone away". This way I sort of join in the start, encourage them and get them away together. If it is a fast start I can get them together quickly. If it is slow I hold down my voice and horn to give them a chance to work it out without getting them excited. If for any reason it is a false start or they

check right away, I have not fooled them by a false "gone away." In other words I think it is important not to get my signals ahead of the progress of the hunt. A hound soon distrusts or ignores signals if he is often fooled by them, just as they recognize and ignore a babbler in the pack.

The gone to earth "tremolo" on the horn is the only other note I use, and the only one I have copied from the East. I never needed to use a "gone to earth" hunting the drag pack in Minnesota so when I heard it at the New York Hound Show in 1940 for the first time I copied it.

Some of the complicated systems of dots and dashes sometimes used on the horn confuse most of the people in the field. How can the hounds be expected to know and obey them? Keep it simple.

### The Voice To The Hound

I have found that voice means a lot to hounds. It can be especially effective for a man with a small pack that he takes care of himself. The more time spent with the hounds the better. When hounds are more familiar with their master they understand the differences in inflections in tone of voice. It is this difference that counts; there are very few words most hounds ever understand. They can distinguish between reprimand and praise, which is one of the bases of successful training. Hound, horse or child; it still works.

Every hound should know and respond to his name, and a huntsman should call, praise and punish any individual hound by name. While feeding or roading are the times when a hound learns his name. It isn't as practical in a big pack as in a small one to stress names but to have hounds know and mind by name means a great deal. There is much satisfaction in being able to handle hounds on the road and in the field by name, to be able to call a particular hound to try a "likely place without disturbing the others while drawing or to command a hound back into the pack while roading.

A good loud "tallyho" is a real thrill to any hunting man, but they

Continued on Page Three

### WYTHEMORE HOUNDS

Long Green P. O.,  
Long Green,  
Maryland.  
Established 1933.  
Recognized 1940.



Christmas Day. The meet was at Twin Woods at 11 A. M. Eastern War Time. Temperature 30 degrees rising to about 40 later in the day. Weather clear—wind northwest very light. Earlier in the morning the roads were as glass since it had iced up the night before and today everything glittered. However, in due time the ice and frozen ground gave way to a mud surface giving us less trouble. Eight couple English Harriers were soon put to work by our joint-master, Capt. Boris Wolkonsky, (carried the horn). Norman Sipes and Jean Pentecost acted as Honorary Whips. Mr. William R. German, joint-master had in his care a representative field. We were glad to have with us our ex-M. F. H. Courtney Jenifer, Jr., home on leave from Front Royal as well as Capt. J. H. O'Donovan, also on leave and enjoying the day with hounds. Kitty Sadler, Louise Holliday, Catherine Bosley, Susanne Eck and several others made up the field.

Twin Woods were drawn first. As I reached my position north of the covert, I viewed our quarry, a large vixen disappearing over a rise in the field. My view Halloa brought the master out of the covert. The hounds quickly found the line and ran to Park's place. The vixen made a zig-zag across the open field making it impossible for the hounds to move rapidly. It was interesting to watch them work the line. We ran for twenty minutes then all was quiet. Our vixen had gone through Park's farm into a deep covert where the hounds lost. We picked up the hounds on the other side to cast them forward towards Twin Woods in an attempt to pick up the line of this vixen which apparently had made a circle going back to covert. The hounds picked up the line again in Twin Woods and ran towards Major Stryker's farm. The vixen turned down the hedgerow by General Warfield's. For a moment there was confusion; some of the pack tried to go back to Twin Woods. We turned these hounds back to the master who had followed the others over to a small covert lying between Warfield's and Stryker's. The joint-master beckoned us on to him as we galloped over to find that the vixen had made a loop. On turning back to the covert, she almost ran into the hounds who were faithfully working her line. There was a skirmish and she disappeared into the covert. The master lifted the hounds

and went back up to Park's field. Norman Sipes and I left to watch Twin Woods where we expected to see the fox break. Sure enough, as we stood in the field dividing the woods, thereby its name, Norman viewed the vixen darting to the left covert as we faced south. As quickly as possible the master put the hounds on the line and again we had a run. This time it was over Dennison's farm. They ran up the hill, turned south and looped back towards Warfield's, veered sharp north into Major Stryker's cornfield and thence to the field below his stable. They continued to hold the line which took them south again, then Warfield's. The vixen twisted, turned and artfully left a catchy scent with the aid of ground frozen hard in places whilst muddy in stretches where the sun had lain. Finally she ran towards Cinder Road where the hounds lost in the covert opposite Lutherville woods.

The hounds had tried hard under adverse conditions. The footing was increasingly bad as the ground thawed to mud so we decided to call it a day, grateful for good hunting and good hound work.

—J. B. Pentecost

## REST AND RELAX AT The Homestead Spa Virginia Hot Springs

Far too many executives, under terrific pressure ever since Pearl Harbor, are far too close to the breakdown neither they nor their country can afford.

The rest and relaxation they must have await them at The Homestead, America's famous Spa at Virginia Hot Springs. Our natural mineral baths and other health aids, the wine-like mountain air, and the quiet pattern of life in the peaceful Alleghenies are magic tonics for taut nerves and exhausted energies.

Our booklet, "The Homestead Spa," and our special winter rates sent upon request.

THE HOMESTEAD, a 650-room hotel on its own mountain estate in the Virginia Alleghenies, is just overnight from you on the Chesapeake & Ohio Lines. Address inquiries to THE HOMESTEAD, Hot Springs, Virginia.



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# The Sporting Calendar

You can help us by sending in notices of any events you know of that do not appear in this Calendar.

## NOVEMBER

26-Mar. 9. Fair Grounds, New Orleans, La. 75 days.

THE CHALMETTE 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 13 \$2,500 Added

MARDI GRAS 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., March 9 \$2,000 Added

26-March 9, 1943. Fair Grounds Breeders' & Racing Assn., New Orleans, La. 75 days. (No racing on Mondays—March 8th excepted)

CRESCENT CITY HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 2 \$2,500 Added

THE AUDUBON STAKES, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 16 \$2,000 Added

GULF COAST HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 30 \$2,500 Added

THE CHALMETTE STAKES, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 13 \$2,500 Added

NEW ORLEANS HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 27 \$10,000 Added

LOUISIANA DERBY, 1 1/2 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 6 \$7,500 Added

MARDI GRAS HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., March 9 \$2,000 Added

## FEBRUARY

22-Mar. 27—Oaklawn Jockey Club, Hot Springs, Ark. 30 days.

## MARCH

6-June 6. Hipodrome De Las Americas, Jockey Club, De La Ciudad De Mexico. 42 days or more.

HANDICAP DE LA CIUDAD DE MEXICO, 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, May 9—17,000 Pesos Added

DERBY MEXICANO, 1 1-8 ml., 3-yr.-olds, May 16 50,000 Pesos Added

HANDICAP NACIONAL, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, May 23 20,000 Pesos Added

STAKES DE LA CONDESA, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, May 27 6,250 Pesos Added

HANDICAP DE LAS AMERICAS, 1 1-4 ml., 3 & up, May 30 100,000 Pesos Added

STAKES JOCKEY CLUB MEXICANO 7 f., 3 & up, June 3 6,250 Pesos Added

HANDICAP PRESIDENCIAL, 1 1-8 ml., 3 & up, June 6 30,000 Pesos Added

(Stakes nominations close May 1, 1943 except Mexican Bred or Owned Stakes).

## APRIL

8-May 8—Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 27 days.

## JUNE

7-26—Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

## JULY

7-Sept. 11—Garden State Racing Ass'n., Camden, N. J. No racing Mondays, Sept. 6 excepted. 50 days.

## AUGUST

30-Sept. 18—Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

## OCTOBER

11-20—Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 9 days.

## CHICAGO RACING DATES

Sportsman's Park—Sat., May 1 to Sat., May 15—13 days.

Lincoln Fields—Mon., May 17 to Sat., June 19—30 days.

Fairmount Park—Sat., May 29 to Mon., July 5—28 days.

Arlington Park—Mon., June 21 to Sat., July 31—36 days.

Washington Park—Mon., Aug. 2 to Mon., Sept 6—31 days.

Hawthorne—Tues., Sept. 7 to Sat., Oct. 16—35 days.

Sportsman's Park—Mon., Oct. 18 to Sat., Oct 30—12 days.

Fairmount Park—Sat., Aug. 28 to Sat., Oct. 9—32 days.

## ELLERSLIE STALLIONS

Season of 1943  
Charlottesville, Va.

### FLARES

(Property of Belair Stud)  
(Bay 1933, by Gallant Fox—Flambino, by \*Wrack.)

\$250—Return

### POMPEY

(Bay 1923, by \*Sun Briar—Cleopatra, by Corcyra.)

\$250—Return

### TINTAGEL

(Bay 1933, by \*Sir Gallahad III—Heloise, by Friar Rock.)

\$150—Return

Return for one year if mare does not prove in foal.

Return to be claimed December 1, 1943.

No responsibility is accepted for accidents or disease.

A. B. Hancock

Phone 393

Paris, Ky.

## More Out Of Hounds

Continued from Page Two

are given by so many people other than the huntsman, and usually at such a distance from the pack, that I don't think they mean much to the average hound. "Tallyho" should be given for the benefit of the field, or by others to help the huntsman. I wouldn't want my hounds, or some of them, to hark to a stranger's tallyho and it might be less confusing if they weren't given close to hounds. A waved cap in the right direction can be as effective and sometimes more useful in certain situations.

A loud ringing cheer by the huntsman can mean a lot though; if given at the right times. The right time is the important thing. A good one can give hound and man both a thrill, but there are only two situations that I think call for a cheer. That is when hounds are running in full cry, packed and true, with a hot scent; then it will make them drive, pack and tongue. Used at a time when everything is right they soon associate a cheer with the best part of the chase, which lays the foundation for the other time I use a cheer.

That is, when I have just seen a fox and know just where the trail is, or when a couple or so of thoroughly reliable hounds have a really hot trail near me, then I can cheer the others onto the line, get them together, and away quickly. If they are never fooled by a cheer they know it means "hot fox" at any time. If a cheer is used when hounds are not running hot it will excite and distract them and defeat its purpose. There is a certain amount of risk in cheering, even when they are running hot, of making them overrun a check, so any place that would be a likely turning place for a fox, like a hedge row or the edge of a woods should be a warning not to cheer. Let me add, never cheer running hounds from a distance as some hounds might think you were trying to lift them for another trail. If the huntsman can't be with the hounds they are better left alone, except to call them in when they are not running. Even if a fox is viewed they shouldn't be lifted if they are doing alright with the line they have. A good hound should be pretty hard to call off a line and it doesn't make him any steadier to try. Besides the viewed fox is often not the hunted one.

## Let Hounds Try Their Own Cast First

I make a cast about like a draw. If it is in the open it can be practically silent. They will change direction with your horse, and the less distraction the better; now and then a spoken word will help, and if they should get scattered too far a drawing note on the horn is called for.

A good cast is a ticklish thing to make right. Often the scent is very light and you have the combined problems of moving hounds without getting their heads up, and not losing precious time, or of getting excited hounds to settle down from the heat of the chase to careful searching for the thread of trail. Always let hounds try their own cast first.

## Importance Of Rooding Hounds

I think rooding hounds is one of the most important preparations a huntsman can make for good hunts; it helps from so many angles. It is a conditioner and trainer for hounds, horses and men. It is the fit ones of all three that finish the chase. Fat, soft hounds all start out well but soon string out by degrees of fitness, strength and courage. Other things being equal fit ones run more evenly and finish closer together.

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## Bulletin Board

We ask you to stop here and read this "board". Only items of instant importance will be posted each week.

## ROSTER ISSUE—

We have extra copies of the Stallion Roster on hand. If you wish additional copies for yourself or your friends please fill in the blank below.

Please send me . . . . . copies of The Stallion Roster issue, 20c each.

BILL MY ACCOUNT ( )

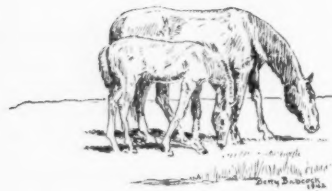
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# Horsemen's News-



## Cloth O' Gold Goes To The Briar Patch For His New Home

Cloth O' Gold, an 8-year-old son of Imp. Sir Gallahad III out of the Man o'War mare, *Marching Along*, was recently presented to Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Mitchell, owners of The Briar Patch at Hilton Village, Va.

Bred by R. A. Fairbairn, Cloth O' Gold was purchased at Saratoga for \$6,000 by Messrs. H. Rozier Dulaney, Jr., W. Lipscomb and Garrett. After being put in training, he suffered an injury in his paddock and was turned out to stud by his owners who later decided to give him to someone willing and capable of handling him. It was this way that the Mitchells acquired him.

The importance of such an acquisition will mean henceforth that the bloodlines in the Tidewater section will have a great asset.

Mrs. Mitchell is in charge of the activities at The Briar Patch. Twenty-two years ago she came to Virginia from Kentucky with a string of horses and has now built up a string of 47.

Among some of the horses developed or owned are *Ragnarock*, a champion show hunter who won the trophy in the last show held at Hampton, and *Swordsmen*, a racer who was secured from the Remount Depot, Front Royal, Va.

When Mrs. Mitchell arrived here from the blue grass country, all she could see in looking over her new home was a briar patch and corn fields. Hence the name. Since that time the corn fields have become grounds for hunting and riding.

The days of the depression found Mrs. Mitchell opening a riding school and she proudly boasts that she put "half of Newport News in riding breeches and taught them to ride."

## Texas Notes

BY BUD BURMESTER

Col. George B. McCamey, master of Bedford Stock Farm, announced on his return from New Orleans that he had acquired from Emerson F. Woodward, Valdina Farm, Hondo, Texas, the young stallion, *Colorado Lad*, which Woodward imported from England some time ago. *Colorado Lad*, foaled in 1938, is by the famed *Colorado Kid*, and out of *Kisson* by *Gainsborough*. He is a chestnut and a well proportioned youngster. He bowed badly some time ago, and it was decided to retire him from racing.

The addition of *Colorado Lad* gives McCamey 3 top stallions, since he has *Valted*, son of Imp. *Teddy* out of *Sunmella*, and *Sangreal*, one of the better Imp. *Sir Gallahad III* sons, at stud. It is understood that McCamey leased the English stallion from Woodward, the same as he has *Valted*. Thomas B. Cromwell, Lexington, Ky. horseman, tried to secure the young English stallion for a client in the Blue Grass state. McCamey, who said the stallion, currently in New

## Delaware Park Makes Plans To Carry On

The following news release has been received from Delaware Park:

"To correct any erroneous impression that may have gotten abroad, following is a statement of policy by the Delaware Park Executive Committee consisting of William du Pont, Jr., Donald P. Ross and Captain J. Simpson Dean, president:

"Public opinion will continue to dictate Delaware Park's policy. There is no profit to the stockholders to run a meeting and no loss to them if the track is closed down. It should not be lost sight of, however, that all connected with the track realize an obligation to the State and National Government to produce taxes. Also the horsemen should be thought of, and the public has indicated its interest in Delaware Park. Plans have been made to go on in 1943. They will be carried out unless wartime circumstances prevent."

Orleans with the Valdina racing division, will arrive in Texas within a few days, will be bred to a limited number of mares this Spring at \$100. "Times are too hard and there are lots of fine stallions in Texas with fees reduced this year to attempt to stand this fellow at more than \$100, although like *Nedayr* and others, he is worth a lot more to breeders" declared McCamey.

Fred J. Estes, well known horseman, who has been dabbling in oil ventures in West Texas in association with James Ellis, is reported seriously ill at Coleman, Texas, at which point Estes and Ellis have been operating. The pair recently brought in a well in Coleman County, and Estes was stricken soon after. The current illness is a recurrent one, according to friends, and the former horseman is said to be in great danger. Estes can be reached at Coleman, Texas, where an office is maintained. It was not stated if Estes was in the hospital or in a private home.

State Senator Jesse E. Martin's venerable brood mare, *Red Leather*, by *Ballot*, dropped a filly by *Outbound* at Jemacres Stock Farm recently, it was announced by Stud Groom Dick Dixon. It was announced that Senator Martin would try to secure the name *Leather Bound* or *Bound Leather* for the filly. Most of *Outbound's* progeny have the name *Bound* in names, and *Through Bound* is one of his best. Senator Martin acquired this mare from George Jenkins, Arlington, Texas.

Reynolds Brothers got off to a good start this month, when 2 new foals appeared. One of them, a filly by *Lost Cause* out of *Rum Girl* by Imp. *Bistouri*, is a full sister to the Reynolds Brothers' crack sprinter, *Powder Bluff*. The other was a colt by *Blue Train* out of *Our Crest*. Both are nice looking youngsters.

Brenda Marshall, sparkling cinema star, who is in Texas visiting her husband, Lieut. William Holden, himself a star of the first magnitude on the silversheet, and who now is attached to the staff at the Army Air Force's Tarrant Field, Fort Worth,

Sunday morning paid a pop call at Top O' The Hill Stock Farm, where she inspected *Nedayr* and *Royal Ford*, the 2 stallions, the brood mares and yearlings. Miss Marshall, accompanied by several attaches from Interstate, was en route to Fort Worth from Denton, where she had been a student at T. S. C. W., formerly C. I. A., before embarking on her screen career. After taking a good look at *Nedayr*, Bud Burmester's young *Neddie* stallion, Miss Marshall exclaimed "Isn't he a perfect beauty?" And, that, folks, was a really fine compliment, coming from one beauty to another, although in different fields. Miss Marshall, incidentally is an accomplished horsewoman, and knows her Thoroughbreds.

Robert J. Kleberg, head of the vast King Ranch, and who is directly responsible for the lavish Thoroughbred phase of this gigantic layout, gets a real thrill when one of his home-breds, especially those he has designated with Mexican names, wins a race. For instance, Tuesday when *Chovasco* scampered home at New Orleans to become the first 3-time 2-year-old winner of the year, Kleberg must have laughed out loud. *Chovasco*, by the way, in the musical tongue south of the Rio Grande, means a hard rain or storm, and this slashing scion of *Remolino* certainly has been storming the winning circle since the first of January. *Chovasco's* triple win gives *Remolino* added luster, and this son of *Ariel* should do well at Kingsville. Kleberg always has been partial to this fellow, although he was bred sparingly.

Everyone knows a good paper.

For instance, this reporter, having occasion to visit Dallas, some 40 miles east of Fort Worth, and

wishing to conserve his sparse gasoline ration, boarded a bus, after first taking the precaution of bringing his Chronicle for perusal en route. We hadn't unfolded the publication hardly, when a sun bronzed Navy pilot sitting across the aisle, reached over, took our paw and said, "Shake, pal, I'm from Warrenton myself, and always glad to meet up with a Virginian". Much

Continued on Page Seventeen

## CHARLEY O.

Br., 1930  
By \*HOURLESS—\*CLONAKILTY,  
by CATMINT  
16.0½ Hands. 1,250 Pounds.

(PROPERTY J. H. WILSON)

5555 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

A stake winner, by a stake winner, out of a stake winner, brother to a stake winner. Represents a staying line.

CHARLEY O. with limited opportunities in Kentucky came to Virginia in the late season of 1941. With only 6 mares sent to his court, all are proven to be in foal.

CHARLEY O.'s winners have won over a distance.

CHARLEY O. won Florida Derby (by 3 lengths, 118 pounds, 1½ miles in 1:49 3-5); finished third to *BROKERS TIP* and *HEAD PLAY* in Kentucky Derby.

\*CLONAKILTY won and produced *MIKE HALL*, brother to CHARLEY O., winner of 19 races and \$213,430, including Agua Caliente Handicap, Latonia Cup twice and others, and setting new American record of 3:48 3-5 for 2¼ miles.

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## PILATE

Chestnut Horse, 1928

By Friar Rock—\*Herodias, by The Tetrarch.

To October 1st 17 of Pilate's 2-year-olds had started

14 Had Won a Total of 28½ Races

Two Others Had Placed

One raced unplaced after injuring her back early in her training, and never approached the promise of top yearling trials.

Of the 17 2-year-olds, 15 showed form as high and in most cases considerably higher than their dam's.

One was out of a mare 20 years old. One was not precocious, but showed evidence of good stamina.

Fee \$400

Return

\$300 For stakes winners or dams of stakes winners

One year return if mare fails to get in foal. We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit.

A. S. HEWITT

Montana Hall

White Post, Virginia



**Thoroughbreds**

Continued from Page One

impression. As a rule the colt he placed at the top of the handicap became the Derby favorite, just the same, in the winter books.

The Experimental Handicap had been going—and going strong—over in England for some years before it was decided to adopt the idea here and Mr. Vosburgh being then the official handicapper of the New York tracks, began annually putting one forth.

This practice he maintained until his retirement at the close of the season of 1934, when he was succeeded by the present incumbent, Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Vosburgh was conceded to be "in a class by himself" as a handicapper, no other American occupant of that position approaching him in skill or reputation.

Mr. Campbell, therefore, had a difficult task allotted him to succeed so famous an executive in the assignment of weights. Nobody expected him to equal his predecessor in this work.

What he has accomplished has been just about what might be looked for. His work has been variously good, bad or indifferent.

In other words, just the results of an experienced routinier and no different, by and large, from that being done all over the country by other race track handicappers.

From the first his Experimental Handicaps have illustrated that. They have repeatedly brought forth pointed criticism. Of course that was to be expected. But in the present instance they have brought forth what, from the critical standpoint, is a lot worse.

To wit, the laugh that has been referred to.

Many people, when first they scanned them, thought either they were the vehicle of a joke—or else they had been scrambled in their publication.

The reason being:—

That **Occupation**, the champion money-winning 2-year-old of 1942 and, until his last race, the champion of the season in other respects as well, was not only not at the top of the handicap—he was placed 4th, as follows:

**Count Fleet**—132 lbs.  
**Devil's Thumb**—127 lbs.  
**Blue Swords**—126 lbs.  
**Occupation**—126 lbs.  
**Chop Chop**—122 lbs.  
**Ocean Wave**—122 lbs.  
**Red Sonnet** 120 lbs.  
**Slide Rule**—120 lbs.

This being the entire number of animals handicapped at 120 lbs. or more in a field of 109 2-year-olds.

There has been no merriment over the fact that **Count Fleet** topped the Experimental Handicap. In their final meeting, in the Pimlico Futurity, he gave **Occupation** a sound beating.

Which was what the realists expected, seeing that this race was at a mile and a sixteenth. As was said in this department at the time, **Occupation** is by Imp. **Bull Dog**, a sire whose get are notoriously short-coursed; while **Count Fleet** is by that grand stayer and sire of stayers, **Reigh Count**.

But—and it is real one—

The Experimental Handicap is supposed to be an expression of the handicapper's ratings of the animals appearing, in their 2-year-old form and at 6 furlongs.

Such, at least, is the basis of the

**Training At Aiken**

Continued from Page One

Stakes.

**Shut Out** is owned by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney whose stable races under the name of The Greentree Stable. The stable is trained by John M. Gaver who is one of the leading trainers of the year. Amongst the other horses that are under his care are the stakes winners **Devil Diver**, **The Rhymer**, **Corydon**, **Picket**, **Four Freedoms**, and **Famous Victory**. The Greentree Stable in all won 53 races and something over \$414,000.00.

Incidentally, Eddie Arcaro, one of our great flat jockeys is now here in Aiken as he is the contract rider for Greentree.

Also here in training is the year's leading money winner in the steeplechase group; **Elkridge**, owned and trained by a resident of Aiken, Kent Miller.

Aiken also has the leading steeplechase stable of the year. This is the stable of Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark which is trained by J. D. (Dolly) Byers. It won a total of 16 races and \$31,390.00.

William Post is training 16 horses, 3 of them for the Binglin Stable which is owned jointly by Bing Crosby and Lin Howard. One of these is **Barrancosa**, an Argentine mare. Her best performance of the year being a dead heat for first with **Vagrancy**, the champion mare of the year.

Another outstanding horse trained by Billy Post is **Bath**, owned by Mrs. Ogden Phipps. He started 5 times this past year, won 3 races and broke 2 track records. Due to an injury in mid-summer he was forced to be retired for the balance of the season. He has been judged by many to be the fastest jumper out in years.

The Brookmeade Stable of Mrs. Dodge Sloan's also has a large group here in training, there being about 30 under the tutorage of Hugh Fontaine. He has the stakes winners **Pommaya**, **Very Snooty** and **Bonnet Ann**.

Pete Bostwick, who is now in the army, has about 15 horses being trained by Frankie Slate who is also one of the leading steeplechase jockeys. The most famous horse of this stable is **Cottesmore** who was the winner of the International Steeplechase at Belmont Park. It is a race worth over \$15,000.00 to the winner. Slate also has 3 horses for L. E. Stoddard, Jr., also in the army.

Two other large stables are those trained by Preston Burch and Oleg Dubassoff. The former trains for Richard Howe and Harry La Montagne, both winter residents of Aiken and also for the owner of the famous Longchamp Restaurants. Dubassoff has a few in training for the late Mr. Farrish, the former president of Standard Oil of New Jersey.

original Experimental Handicap in England.

At that distance—also in the Futurity at Belmont Park—which is at 6 1-2 furlongs, **Occupation** gave a series of sensational displays, twice defeating **Count Fleet** and the pick of the land.

To handicap him, therefore, as 6 lbs. the inferior of **Count Fleet** at that distance, not only a pound but below **Devil's Thumb** and only on a parity with such a colt as **Blue Swords**, also but 4 lbs. above such others as **Chop Chop** and **Ocean Wave**—

That is what has produced the laugh. A big one that will be a long while subsiding!

Another stable that has arrived is that owned by the famous Elizabeth Arden or Mrs. Michael Evanloff. These are trained by David Englander, the famous one time International jockey and trainer. Harris Brown has arrived with the Mill River Stable.

Now to the trotters—ever since Aiken Mile Track has been in use, Aiken can boast of having produced more than its share of the leading trotters and pacers amongst the winners of the Grand Circuit.

Being the winner of a Hambletonian, the world's largest trotting race, naturally qualifies **Spencer Scott** as being the best trotter produced here in Aiken. He won the 1941 Hambletonian and is owned by C. W. Phellis and trained and driven by Fred Egan.

Rupert Parker has the unusual distinction of training and driving both the 1941 and 1942 2-year-old champion pacers of the country, namely **Court Jester**, owned by both the former and Fred Egan and **Adios**, owned by Thomas Thomas. Parker also has the champion trotter **Scotland Comet**.

**Nibble Hanover**, developed here in Aiken by Harry Whitney and owned by D. W. Bostwick is another great horse. In a race at Old Orchard, Maine, he defeated the aforementioned **Spencer Scott**, setting a record for trotting stallions.

Other good horses trained by Whitney here in Aiken have been **Kuno**, **Cannon Ball**, **Brookdale**, **Miss Thelma** and several others.

Sep Palin, the trainer of **Greyhound**, the trotter who will long be considered as the world's greatest, also has a large stable in training.

**Greyhound** is another great horse that has trained here in Aiken, having been here for winters. Palin has 18 head, owned by Mrs. J. B. Johnson, a winner resident.

Some of the leading trainers of both the Thoroughbreds and harness horses have judged the two Aiken tracks as being two of the best in the country.

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## The Palingenesis Of Geoffrey Gambado

Continued from Page One

ious breeds, as well as discourse with wisdom on their distinctive characteristics, I think it well at this time to introduce you to that essential adjunct to Fox Hunting, namely the Fox Hound.

The best Fox Hounds in the world, the staunchest, the fastest, the wisest, the handsomest; in short those with the best nose, the greatest cry, the highest degree of perfection, are those behind, and over which, YOU hunt. Of the 286 packs in England and the 197 packs in the Americas each is admittedly the best. But which is the SECOND best dear Reader? Ah, there is a question worthy of your mettle! Are they English, are they American, are they Welsh, or are they cross-bred; and if they are, what is the difference between them and how are you to distinguish the one from the other?

A Welsh hound you can tell at a glance from its extreme ugliness. If you see a creature on four legs, standing about 20 inches at the withers, with a lack-luster eye, the coat of a mangy airedale, (gone gray with age, except for a spot of axle grease, or a splatter of red clay here and there), a tail carried like a scared cur's, drooping ears, and long weak pasterns above splay feet, and that animal happens to be chasing a fox (as I am told they sometimes will) you are undoubtedly looking at a Welsh hound. Do not let it worry you. There are not a great many of them, and not likely to be more.

The best way to tell an American Hound from an English Hound is very, very simple. Take a firm hold of the hound by the stern and the scuff of the neck and hold him between you and the sun. If you can still see the sun you are holding an American Hound. The cross-bred will be something between a shadow and a total eclipse, depending upon the breeder, there being those who like a drop of English blood for bone and those who desire a modicum of American blood for cry, and those who have been caught so often between the withering cross-fire of the English and the American die hards that they cross-breed from pure self protection—sort of an appeasement, or Cliveden set as it were.

As you become more familiar with Hounds, or by the time you become a Master yourself, you will grow more and more heatedly partisan and will either roar with derision at the English, or sneer with superiority at the American Breed. The difference is really the difference between Uncle Sam and John Bull. Old John has the heartiness of the beef-eater, the fortitude of the Anglo-Saxon, a certain undeniable dignity, is far from mute, and looks up to his masters. Uncle Sam is as lean and hard as whip leather, a deal more nondescript, runs his own line, is on the impudent side, and speaks in a manner both raucous and uncontrolled. There's much that is good in both of 'em, and I, for one, think the proper blending of the two is unbeatable, except perhaps at Peterborough.

In any case, let us thumb a ride to the nearest Meet and see if having arrived there we can learn how a hunt is organized, and how to conduct ourselves with credit from the start to a find, from a find to a check, from a check to a view, and from a view to a kill.

On arriving at the appointed place, your first act must be to tip your hat to the Master (you need not genuflect), whereupon if your genealogy, your costume, and your mount are worthy of notice, and your subscriptions are in order, he will no doubt touch his cap in return. These formalities completed, you may now (without staring, of course) take stock of the Anointed. Viceroy of Jehovah, Plenipotentiary of the Goddess of the Chase, Ambassador Extra-ordinary to the Masters of Foxhounds Association, Delegate-at-large to the sancrosanct United Hunts, King of his Country, Lord of the Kennels, Master of the Horse (except his own), Keeper of the Seals (sic), Comptroller of the Treasury (and purveyor thereto) Arbiter of Fashion, Chief Justice, High Sheriff and Head Executioner, such are the chief titles, duties and privileges appertaining to this High Office. What a Master F. D. R. would make, with, no doubt, two Huntsman, six "whips" and four score of Fox Hounds all drawing the same cover, and a stout Red Fox to lead them! Never mind! Awake, awake, your dreams forsake, and let us be content with what we have.

### THE MASTER

His word is law,  
His nods our cues;  
Without his wealth  
We'd pay more dues.

For Hounds, their flesh;  
For Horses, coats;  
For servants, boots;  
For Huntsman, coats.

His open purse  
Provides, and still  
Holds yet enuf  
To buy good will.

From this we see that our Master is a man of substance, and if his sense of balance is not as nice as it should be, the quality of his Horse will offset it; if his sense of direction is defective, a view hallo will set him straight; if he dislikes a fence, he will at least know the gaps; and if things go too badly there is always the Huntsman, the Whippers-in, and the Field to blame it on. God save the noble gentleman; and have a care, less what you say about him reach his ears!

The second in command is the Huntsman. Observe him well. The weather beaten cheek, the eagle eye, the well worn cap, the scarred boots, the superior air, the detachment, the disdain, the composure, the consciousness of power. Truly, money isn't everything! Would the Fords, the Fricks, the Rockefellers, the Bakers, the Mellons, the Astors, the Guggenheims, the DuPonts, the Whitneys, (always excepting Liz) be surrounded with the "aura popularis" had they but \$40 a week and a cottage near the kennels? And yet what arrogance our Huntsman displays; what obedience he commands! There he sits among his Hounds, looking a veritable part of his Horse. If at times this is obviously the wrong part, remember that even a Huntsman is subject to the ills that flesh is heir to and may, in addition, have a shrewish wife. Your pleasure in the field will depend upon him more than any other, therefore try not to jump upon him, but should you do so, remember to dismount and help him up, for the life of many a fox has been inadvertently saved thru the wanton destruction of a Huntsman.

The Whipper-in is harder to destroy. He is usually an agile, little rascal and no matter how badly mounted, and badly mounted he is sure to be, he is darned hard to catch. Whippers-in always seem in some inexplicable way related to the Fox, itself. They have the same sly look and, if worth their

salt, no small share of its cunning. When he puts one hand to the side of his head and screams his "Gohe Away" 'tis a dull clod, indeed, whose hair doesn't rise to the crescendo of his screech and whose goose pimple don't spread like a strawberry rash. Now catch him if you can, for 'though his duty is to stay and whip hounds on, 'tis a certainty he will be off like a shot, and from the way he claps spurs to his horse you would swear he was trying to kill the "varmint" himself without the aid of Pack, Huntsman, Master, or Field, and in truth there is, in all probability, little help to be derived from any of them.

As for the Field, I shall not strain my meager powers of description. Despite the uniform, each character is as different as each face. The old, the young, the fat, the thin, the rich, the poor, the banker, the faker, the sport and the sportsman, the male and the female, the brave and the timid, the gay and the somber, those who hunt to ride and those who ride to hunt, and those who can do neither, crowd and jostle, explain and complain, dare and shirk, gossip and clatter, help and hinder. Forty start and four finish. You know them well, I am sure. Therefore, I shall content myself with setting down certain hints as to proper deportment and leave all else to your powers of observation.

As Hounds move off, jockey yourself into a position as close to the Master as possible. Though he may have barely noticed you when you saluted him at the Meet, he cannot well neglect to do so if you ride in his pocket. While Hounds are drawing a covert, he will be forced to pull up to give them time. You may then inquire for the health of his family and otherwise display a friendly interest in his welfare, which should ignite a spark in him. When he explodes, you may move off a few paces, or perhaps he will move off from you. Don't be discouraged; there are probably a dozen good jokes about Hunting that you are saving for such an opportunity. The one about the fox running last is always sure fire. While he is burning up, Hounds will probably find, and if you gallop away on his heels you will soon find an opportunity to get even with him for his rudeness.

After about five minutes, Hounds will check. This means that they will stop running and start to smell around the ground as if they were looking for something. Don't bother to help them. They are the only ones who know what they are looking for, and while they search, you will find an opportunity for a little chat with your companions. This is called "coffee-housing" and if the members of the Masters of Fox Hounds Association have any political influence at all, and God knows they should have, you can lay five to one that it is they and they alone who are responsible for coffee rationing. The subject of your conversation can be almost any agreeable topic; music, art, scandal, racing, or love, but avoid speaking of operations. The Hunting field is no place for light chatter about surgeons or hospitals. Speak of taxes, if you must, but not of knives or splints.

You have now progressed, dearly beloved, from a "find" to a "check" and the time has arrived for a "view". Those Fox Hunters who live to respect old age are those in whom the esthetic sense is most highly developed, and what is so pleasing to a properly developed estheticism as a lovely view? Picture to yourself the rolling hills, the purring brooks, the majestic woodlands of a fair Hunting Country and you will agree, I am sure, that nothing could be more inspiring. Therefore, when Hounds leave off their aimless sniffing, and raise once more the sweet dissonance of their "mutual cry", risk not your neck in wild, careening chase, but hieing to some lofty eminence, there gaze with soft appreciative eyes on Nature's gorgeous handiwork, and, drinking in the beauty of HER lavish plan, refresh the fabric of your thrifty soul.

### THE VIEW

What, tho the wild, unseemly bore,  
Constricts the word to objects two by four,  
Confines its meaning to a dwarfish box  
And labels it, exclusively, "The Fox;"  
A view's a view, deny it as you will,  
And none compares to that gained from a Hill!

From this, the next to the last stage of all well organized Hunts, good judgment and those instincts bestowed upon us by this same all wise and all bountiful Mother Nature will lead us unerringly to the grand finale. Once more calling upon my eager Muse I shall, in the lofty poetic vein fitting the occasion, bring you to the Ultima Thule and well deserved reward of all good sportsmen, who distaining danger, court the hazzards of the chase with high hearts and undiluted spirits.

### THE KILL

Come Heroes, let us in the glass of fashion pour  
The spirit of the hour, and one thing more,  
The sparkling essence of the good white rock,  
To fortify our mettle 'gainst the shock;  
And, what the gods so cunningly distill,  
With steady hands, take up and bravely kill!

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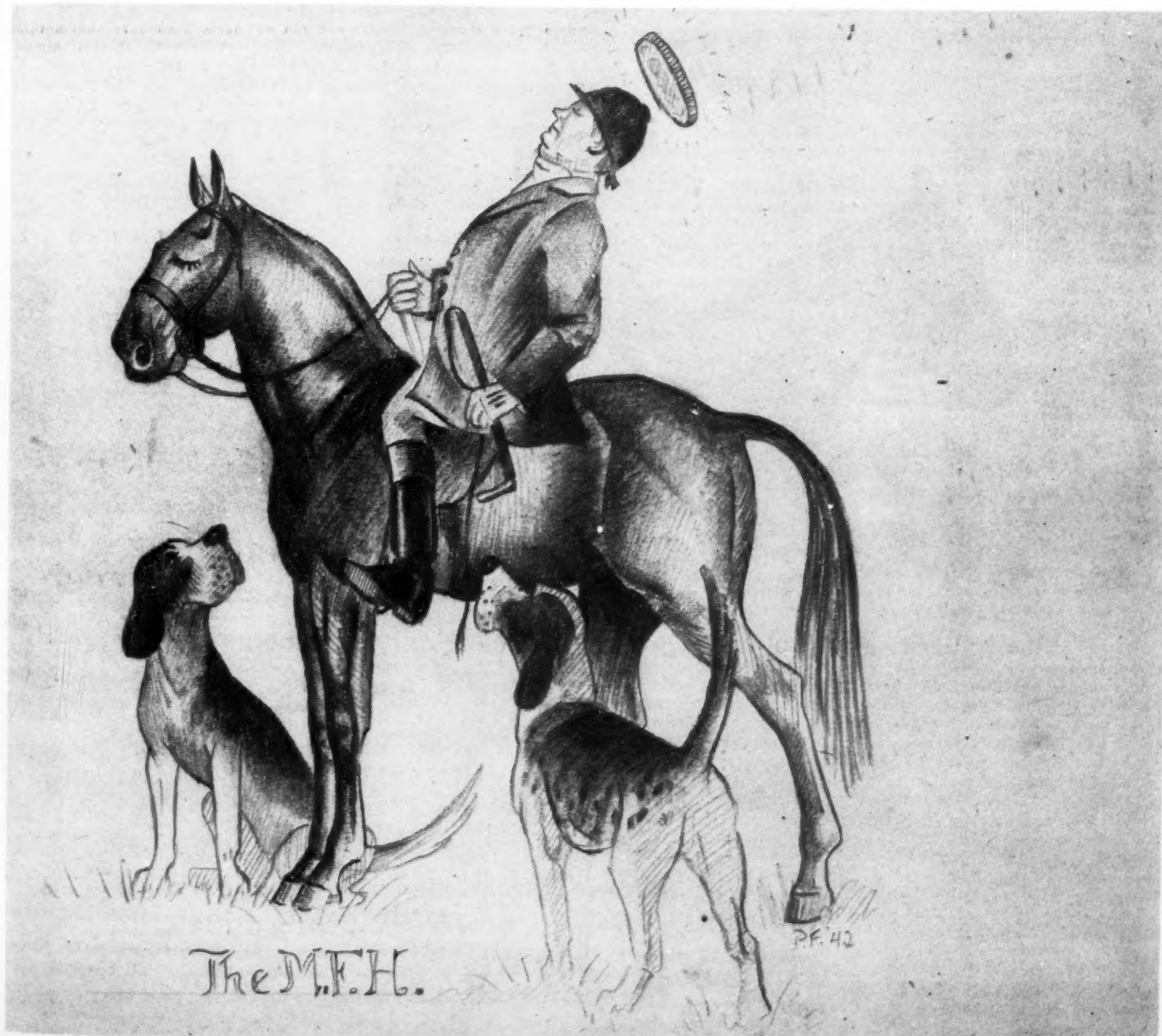
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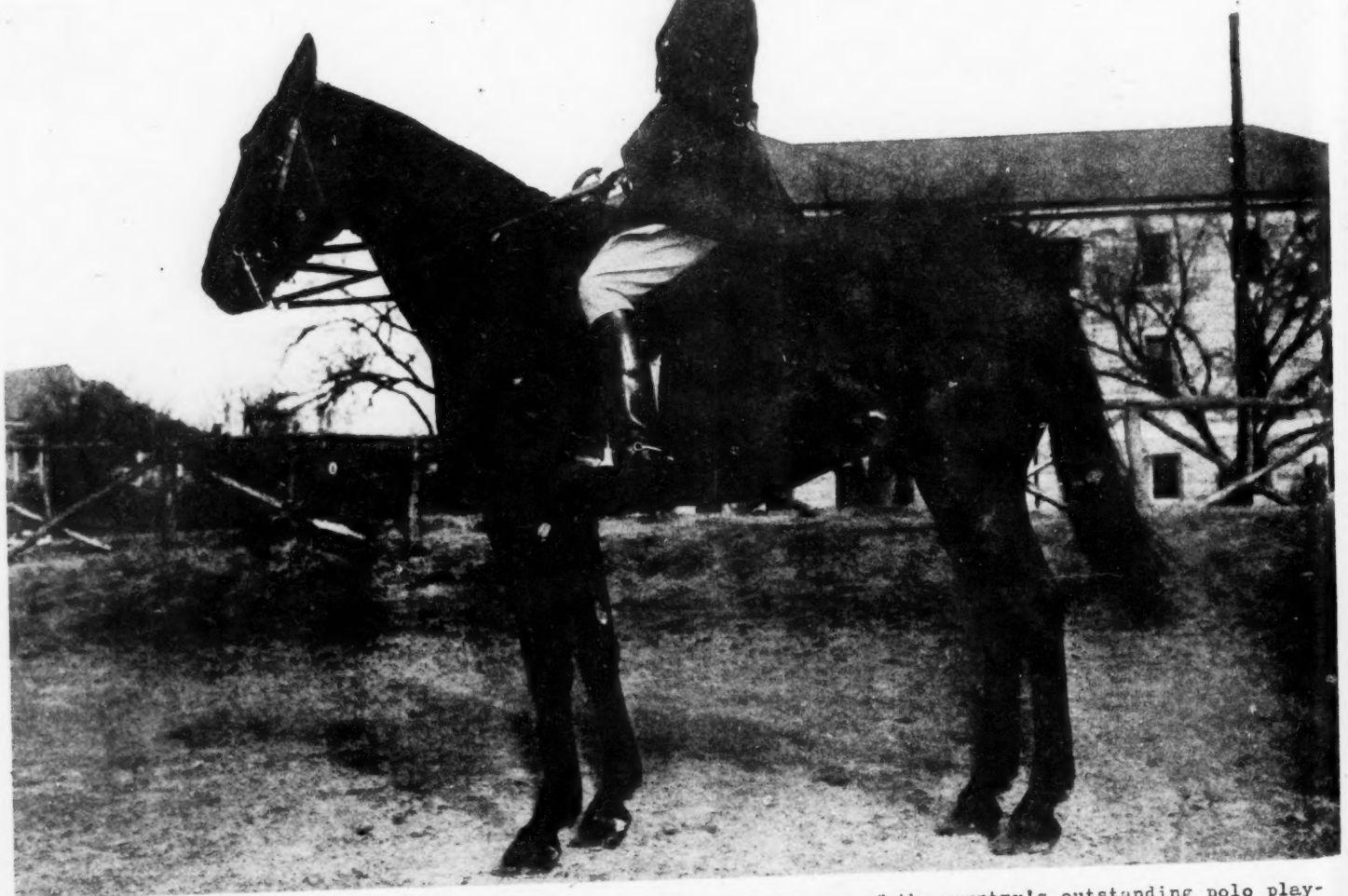
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## FORT RILEY GRADUATES WELL KNOWN HORSEMEN



Second Lieut. George H. "Pete" Bostwick, for a number of years one of the country's outstanding polo players, has just been commissioned on his graduation from the Cavalry Officer Candidate School at Fort Riley. Bottom photo is Second Lieut. Charles S. von Stade, member of many championship polo teams, he also graduated at Riley recently.



## Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

### Enough Leaven Of Tradition Will Remain To Insure Restoration Of Sport

There was no class more conservative, less amenable to change, and more bound by ancient traditions, rights and privileges, than that comprehensively described as "rural sportsmen." Yet, with scarce a word of protest, landowners, hunting men, shooters and anglers have, during the war, seen many (if not most) of their sacred right filched, flaunted, flouted and set at naught. War-time powers and expedients (not always wisely, necessarily, or economically administered), have ruthlessly cancelled Forest Laws, as old as Magna Charta itself. These were drawn up to preserve the extensive sporting rights of the King and his landowning barons, and also had in view the care of woodlands and all manner of game. Hunting, racing, shooting and game preserving; the privacy and quiet of parks and woodlands, the beauty of the village green, the care of grouse moors and burning of heathland, the upkeep of deer forests—all these (and much more) have been broken in upon with shattering blows. In many instances there has been destruction, demolition and defacement which it will take a century to repair, if ever again restoration is possible. Yet there has been very little opposition or outcry from any section which has seen so much that was treasured, virtually trodden underfoot and the whole character and topography of areas changed. It is a question if ever again those who have been reared to look upon the sport of the landowning squirearchy as sacrosanct, will place fox, pheasant, partridge and grouse on the pedestal each until recent times occupied. They had never visualised the possibility of the drastic interference which even now is something of a shock to the rural mind. Having witnessed the fact, one wonders if ever again beasts and birds, which hitherto had something approaching a protective halo over their heads, will resume their pristine status in the countryman's estimate of values. The squirearchy see both this and other red lights. Nevertheless, although they have felled his woodlands, ruined his game preserves, trodden down and desecrated his fox coverts, commandeered his home, ploughed up his park, or turned it into a mud heap with troops and army vehicles, yet his groans have been stifled, his heartache has been concealed. He has given his sons, all else he most valued, and almost his heritage to the common cause. Does all this mean that the last bond with the feudal system has been broken? That the waning influence (once so powerful) of the squirearchy has gone? That sport, minus much of its most valuable protective tradition, will in future depend upon financial backing for its continuance? As yet we see as through a glass darkly, but it certainly does seem that whereas country folk had grown up with an inherent respect for hunting and shooting, for foxes and game, for the horseman and the shooting man, and a feeling (they could not explain it) that all those were cursed who thought otherwise, the spell has

broken. After the war there will be a considerable influx of a new type on the land. They will have no roots in the soil, no tradition behind them; and if in each district just a few of these in effect say "D— the squire's sport and the figures in his game book, to H— with his keeper!" and "Off my land!", to foxes and foxhunters, then matters are going to be made very difficult. Personally I am inclined to think that notwithstanding all that has happened during the war to destroy country life, country sport, the outlook of country folk, and the beauty and topography of rural England, there will remain a sufficient leaven of tradition, and support of the old blood, to insure the rebuilding and restoration of much which to us constituted the charm of country life. Such landowners as remain will require abundant tact; their gamekeepers must no longer attempt to domineer over and dictate to farmers. Each Hunt will need at its head men who are known locally and who are skilled as diplomatists, propagandists and peacemakers. Moreover, such ambassadors will find that with many honeyed words will not suffice. They will be compelled to carry a cheque book with them. There's the rub! There begins the vicious circle! Sport for many years to come will indubitably be more expensive to run. Many men will throw a tenner or more, away on a day's racing, who would not dream of subscribing that amount for each day's hunting they enjoy. Those who gave most generously towards the upkeep of their local pack in the past are probably the hardest hit through taxation and possibly will, after the war, be able neither to hunt or subscribe. There are those who have their finger on the pulse of the times and who understand finance (I don't!), who are convinced that despite Express Profit Tax and all other taxes, there will be some who will be able to put their hands deep into their pockets to keep hunting going, and to revive country life as we knew it. We hope they are right! Frankly, some of us are unable to visualise the future of rural England, but one thing all of us can plainly see—that it is idle to suppose that hunting can continue to thrive or continue at all in many countries, without increased financial backing to quieten those who actually sustain, imagine they sustain, or claim to have sustained, damage through foxes, or field. Hunt executives may economise as they will, and may go hat in hand, placatively or apologetically, to farmers (who once stood in jeopardy of losing their holdings if they were fox or game killers). In addition there must be a still more substantial and elastic poultry, wire and damage fund, or some farmers will decline to listen. More than ever will the great winter sport be conducted on a basis of tolerance—tolerance, which is some cases will depend upon demands for recompense being met. Those concerned with the distribution of Hunt funds know full well how news travels of a generous 'sweetener' to one farmer, and how others feel that they have an equal right to a share of anything that is going. The problem is a most difficult one; it always has been, and is likely to be still more so.

Temporarily with many the fox has already lost his place of honour; he is no longer untouchable, no more the aristocrat of the woodlands, to trap, poison, shoot or course whom, is one of the cardinal mortal sins.

Even Masters of Hounds, mighty Nimrods and Hunt servants have, during these war years, counselled those living in outlying districts (to which visits could not be paid with hounds), to destroy foxes in view of the fact that poultry claims are not at present being paid. Such a suggestion, or such permission from a M. F. H. would, half a century ago, have caused consternation and horror amongst all classes throughout his country. It would have been imagined that he had taken leave of his senses, that he was condoning the thin edge of the wedge which would bring about the destruction of hunting. His resignation would have been called for, he would have been cold-shouldered at his club, and

would have found himself an outcast in the social and sporting world. But how changed is all this!

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## The Chronicle

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA  
THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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# Editorials

## KEEP IT GOING

It has been a year now since 78 Masters of Foxhounds sat down to their first annual dinner in wartime and swore to themselves that foxhunting would go on only if it did not interfere with the war effort. It was in January of 1942—just a little over a month since Pearl Harbor—that these representatives of the "greatest sport in America" vowed and assured themselves that equine sports would continue; that this country needed the relaxation afforded by such sports, and there was a vital need—a morale need, if you please—that foxhunting, racing, hunt meets and horse shows would carry on. There may have been misgivings in the minds of some who were unable to see what the future had to offer, but still in all there was a quiet determination to expend every possible way so that these recreational means of pleasure would bloom and blossom in troublesome times.

That was the first war meeting. On last Friday, the second wartime Masters of Foxhounds dinner took place in New York. The attendance had dropped, yes. There were only 53 members present for some are engaged in war work and some are in the armed forces and were unable to attend. But all in all, there was the same spirit of cooperation and determination among these 53 that was displayed by the 78 the year before. There was the same willingness on the part of members for a united effort to maintain sports (which run the gamut of racing, hunting, hunt meets, horse shows and breeding).

In an effort to follow through with the year's program, it was given added impetus by Lew Waring of the United Hunts, who announced that a larger amount of financial aid would be forthcoming to hunt meets this year. Financial difficulties are the big thorn in most meetings and the present curtailment program doesn't make matters any better. Here, then was the solution, or at least an attempt to solve, one of the big problems facing associations. Mr. Waring also outlined a method through consolidation by which meets could be held in Carolina, Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania—a curtailed program, perhaps, but one which should be given great consideration.

Looking back over the past year, it is really remarkable to learn just how sincere these Masters were when in 1942 they resolved to carry on. There have been comparatively few cancellations in the field of equine events, and what cancellations there have been have come about, not from any feeling that the importance of the sport should be minimized in wartime, but from the dire necessities of the times.

Sport must go on. It must go harder and better and with more purpose than ever before. To give it up would create such a situation that would blackout the public morale, leaving people stagnated for the want of something to keep their minds clear and bright for the work to be done. It provides a balance to the carking cares of the day. Foxhunting can go on and has gone on this past year even in the face of great difficulties. The Masters and staffs have worked out the problems as they come up. Territories have been divided for members more remote from one section to another. Vanning is out, and members are hacking more and longer. Packs have been reduced, and there is a general retrenchment—but foxhunting goes on. Here, then is the answer. Curtail your program if you must, but don't drop it for it means so much to so many people whose dependence for relaxation is found in the world of the horse and its related activities. That is what the Masters of Foxhounds had in mind in 1942 and in 1943, when they agreed to "keep it going."

## Letters to the Editor

### Reno Adopts The Forward Seat

To The Editor.

Now that the active horse world is in hibernation for the most part, let's have a little fun with the Forward Seat—versus—the American Huntsman's seat, or let us put it, a very excellent seat used by outstanding foxhunters, polo players, showring and steeplechase riders.

I suggest you pick out 10 of our most die hard people in each of these fields, and ask them to write a letter why they like their way—then let the war be on. I feel that there are so many beginners in this game that because of a wrong start never do learn how to ride, or anyway prolong the school period. Get the thing straightened out by leading horse-men once and for all, so that newcomers will know what's up. The Chronicle is certainly capable and worthy of handling such a debate.

Please try to get this thing going as I think it would be of great interest to the horsemen in this country.

The good horse Middleburg Reno.

### The Coon Hunt

Dear Dr. Cannon:

Thanks for your favor of the 8th inst., enclosing clipping from the "Middleburg Chronicle" which I had not seen.

I well remember the night that we went Coon Hunting, and the whole story from start to finish, as given by Alex Higginson, is approximately correct, but he has left out some details that I think just as well left out. We all had a jolly evening and it ended up with a pleasant quarrel as to who was entitled to the mask and who was entitled to the brush, and if a Coon's tail could be called a brush without reflection on the Fox, and as to whether everyone who had never been on a Coon Hunt before, should be "blooded", or whether only the young lady who suggested the Hunt.

We finally agreed that the young lady who suggested the hunt should be blooded, but as I remember it, she was not brought in owing to the fact that we could not agree upon who was to "blood" her.

As a matter of fact, after dining at Thorndale, we drove to the Hatchery and warmed up before starting on the Coon hunt, and when the hounds started the coon we all got in our respective cars and drove down through Turkey Hollow on the road, and I knowing full well that the coon would run down to the lower pond, where they always did, drove on ahead and told them to follow me. We got down and walked across where the dam is now, which at that time was partially completed, and a path that I had built up the creek, known as the "Wolf Creek". There is a little grove of Hemlock up there and we sat under the Hemlocks because the Hemlock needles were soft and pretty soon we heard the hounds coming, and they came up to within I should say fifty yards of us when they stopped at a large tree as described by Higginson.

He always accused me of having a drag and having the coon up the tree, but he was wrong on this, as I had nothing to do with it. The coon came just where I thought he would

and when he saw us, or heard us, he finally went up a tree.

I remember it as one of the pleasant episodes of those early hunting days. We all got home about twelve o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Sage were with us and we went to Thorndale and all had a drink and then went home.

I sincerely hope and believe that after this war things will be simplified and that we will all have more leisure time to spend in the country and that the "sporting" spirit will again be more general than I find it now.

Yours very sincerely

Oakleigh Thorne

Thorndale  
Millbrook, N. Y.

### "Lost Hounds"

Dear Sir:

A gem of a story it is—this "Lost Hounds", printed in The Chronicle of January 29.

So true to the Irish country and people—and so poetic in its feeling and philosophy.

Congratulations to the author, DeCourcy Wright!

Samuel J. Henry

Jan. 31, 1943,  
3817 Woodley Road,  
Washington, D. C.

### Saddler Wanted

Ensign Cyril R. Harrison, U. S. C. G. R., stationed at Hilton Head Island, S. C., who happens to be a Chronicler of lengthy standing, asks us to locate a saddler for the 6th District Mounted Patrol. The district coastline runs from Jacksonville, Fla., to Wilmington, N. C. Physical requirements are that he be fit and over 38 years of age. His pay will be based on a rating which will carry around \$100 a month and keep, in fact all the advantages of nice living afforded all of Uncle Sam's men in the forces.

He does not have to be a top man at this skilled calling, but must be able to do good repair work. A troop saddler who can make \$100 per is another new departure in this man's army, or rather in this case in the Coast Guard. But it is a splendid assignment for the right man. The Chronicle asks that any reader who is in a position to know of a man so qualified, communicate direct with Ensign Harrison at the address in the first part of this notice. It will be of material assistance to the patrol unit, and that is matter of duty to us all at this time.

### Electric Prodder

Calling all owners who have horses that won't gallop, maybe here is the answer to playing the daily double, Marion Voorhes, our estimable Colonel of the Remount in these parts around our own station sends this as being almost worthy of publication. Indeed it is, without the "almost."

Gentlemen:

We are interested in obtaining information relative to a buyer for a product we manufacture that instantly cures the balkiest of horses and mules without harming the animal.

We have manufactured this elec-  
Continued on Page Seventeen



## Two Beaglers From St. Peter's Out With West Surrey-Horsham

The following notes were written by one of the members of St. Peter's Foot Beagles, now serving with the armed forces in England, and stationed in London. Altogether the St. Peter's Beagles now have 6 members in London, 2 of whom attended the hunt described, and all of whom are keeping up a living interest in the art of beagling during wartime.

Boxing Day Victor had arranged to go beagling with the West Surrey and Horsham Beagles, and asked me to go too. Offhand it seemed rather difficult at first since I was spending Christmas about fifteen miles away. But I decided to go and hitchhike there and back.

Boxing Day was raw and bitter. It went right through you, but it wasn't raining. I accordingly set out. After I had walked through the village and got on the right road, a milk truck picked me up and set me down "a mile" from the meeting place. The "mile", as is always the case in England when directions are given, turned out to be a little over two, but at that I arrived early at the pub where the meet was to be, luckily having time for a sandwich and beer with Victor and the Master of Beagles and several others.

Thus fortified against the cold, we sallied forth. The meet was so exactly one's idea of a beagle meet in wartime England that it just didn't seem possible. Most of the whips had grey hair. There were a couple of young ones, home on leave, and there was a little girl on a pony. In the field there were a few young men and girls, but most were of the age where, in America, they appear only at tea or cocktails afterwards. In fact, Victor and I were ashamed of our compatriots when we surveyed the gathering.

Finally there was Miss Horne, absolutely the ultimate in beagling. She was seventy-eight, and very crippled with rheumatism, arthritis and neuritis and Lord knows what else. But she had walked a mile and a half on a bitter day to get to the meet, and would have to walk it back again. She had on a green coat with brass buttons with WSH on them, except for one which she wore on her lapel which had SB. This, believe it or not, stood for Surbiton Beagles. She had been with them fifty years ago, and they have long since ceased to exist.

Miss Horne knew every hound, and had trained half of them. She still has one couple of her own. One is old and fat, she said, but the other is "very keen." Whereupon she went off in search of the Master to broach the subject and discuss the advisability of breeding her "Playful" and whether there would be enough food and so forth. She would break off every now and then to exclaim about one hound or another. "Very keen, he is, I trained him," she would say. Then she announced she had run a farm for thirty years. It was a milk route. "I built it up all by myself. Oh, I was very keen on farming. And dogs," she added, "always had a lot of dogs. They carried off all the prizes. I only gave it up two years ago when I got sick. I was very sick." She said this in a tone of complete surprise as if she hadn't yet realized that she could get sick.

If she was very "keen" on the hounds and knew them all, she was a little vague on the war. She asked Victor how he had discovered the

Continued on Page Seventeen

## Beaufort Hunt

Continued from Page One

when hounds met at the beautifully remodeled farm house of Mr. B. R. Hoppe, a new member. There were 16 in the field including Col. C. C. Stokely, C. O. at Indiantown Gap Military Reservation and Lt. Col. C. R. Baines also from Indiantown Gap. Capt. J. B. Stouffer of the 104th Cavalry returned to hunt again also. Mr. Hoppe has built some fine new panels of logs and the drag started over them. Scent was very good as has often been the case this season and hounds gave us a fast gallop through some pretty heavy going for about 8 miles.

Armistice Day we hunted fox. Leaving Kennels at 10:30 A. M., riding over the mountain to Fishing Creek Valley where hounds met us in the van. They soon found at the edge of the woods on the north side of the valley and ran their fox till about 2 P. M. when they marked to ground and we returned to the van and had lunch. After lunch hounds were off on the south side immediately and worked west very conveniently towards home. Three foxes were viewed that afternoon. Just as we were packing home over the mountain hounds started their 5th fox and took him down the mountain towards home.

We picked them up however at the bottom and packed on home just as it was getting dusk. After 6 hours in the saddle we were all tired and hungry, but didn't mind that after such good sport. One unfortunate result however was that my horse cut her hoof in a hidden wire when crossing Fishing Creek which was swollen quite a bit. I had to ride down the middle of the stream about 50 yards to find a place to get out, so thick were the brambles on the side. The horses' hoofs splashed water over my boots and before I realized it my feet were wet. Then we stood on the side of a hill for some time waiting for hounds to drive a red fox out of the thicket who seemed loth to break away. Whether she got chilled or it was the anti tetanus we gave her, anyway, my mare **Feature**, was off her feed for 2 weeks afterward and on Thanksgiving I had to ride **Radiant Lady**.

Among those out this day were: Mrs. John Kehoe, wife of Lt. Kehoe of Pittston, who recently moved to Harrisburg. She was riding her fine colt, **Will Scarlet**, by **In Advance**, Government stallion which stood at Beaufort, and whom we just exchanged for **My Broom**, the horse which formerly stood at Otto Furr's at Middleburg. Also Dr. Louis N. Robinson of Rose Tree, who has moved to Harrisburg from Swarthmore, and Capt. Edward Town of our Auxiliary Mounted Police.

Thanksgiving Day as is our annual custom, we had an open hunt, inviting everybody to ride. There were 58 riders who met at the farm of Mr. Ross R. Rhoads, who treated to egg-nog as he has done for ten years. The going was heavy again. As I found out later, hounds left the drag line for a fox for some distance and then got back on the drag, finishing up a good but not too fast a run of about 10 to 12 miles, with about 30 staying to the finish. After the hunt Mrs. Mitchell and the Master entertained the usual crowd of about 80 at Beaufort Farms, with the customary Thanksgiving breakfast of sausage, fried apples and corn bread, all grown on the place.

While Beaufort has had many

## Bill Schermerhorn Learns A Lesson In "Hunting" At Sibert

This clipping was in the Camp Sibert News and was sent us by O'Malley Knott, with the explanation that Bill Schermerhorn is a good fellow, 1st Whip of the Rombout and often hunted hounds.

"Eyes front!" the drill sergeant of Co. C, 1st Regt. shouted in desperation, and Pvt. William E. "Bill" Schermerhorn's head jerked to the position of attention. If the sergeant had known Private Bill's background, he would not have been so puzzled when one of his best soldiers turned his head to watch a bird dog flush a grouse in a nearby thicket, for Private Schermerhorn is an old time huntsman.

So much so, that he left his regular business in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he operated a large pharmacy, to make his hobby his chief occupation.

As superintendent, part-time huntsman and whipper-in of the exclusive and very sporty Rombout Hunt in Dutchess county, New York state, Pvt. Schermerhorn has ridden to the hounds with many prominent and famous people.

Among those with whom Pvt. Schermerhorn had ridden are Under Secretary of the Navy Forestall and Mrs. Forestall, members of the President's family and members of the family of Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, who has held membership in the Rombout Hunt for many years.

While Pvt. Schermerhorn is in the Army, the affairs of the Rombout Hunt are in capable hands, with

members leave on account of the war, the same cause has brought many new people to this vicinity, many of whom have ridden in the hunts. The pack has been reduced to nine couples, most of which are young hounds. Consequently we are in good shape to carry on for the duration and the fields are about the same in number as usual.

—E. B. M.

Senator Allan A. Ryan and Homer Gray as joint masters of the hunt. The latter is a widely known horseman and horse show judge.

Riding to the hounds is not without romance as well as adventure, Pvt. Schermerhorn can testify, because it was during a hunt that he met Miss Anne Elder of New Augusta, Ind., who became Mrs. Schermerhorn.

Continued on Page Twenty

## Lovely Night

Bay, 1936

by PILATE—SNOOZE,

by PETER PAN

(Property of Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark)

Lovely Night was a winner in each of the four seasons he raced, a stakes winner in two seasons. He won 14 races and \$55,660, was five times second, five times third.

Although not a stakes winner at two, Lovely Night was a colt of stakes class, won the Sultana and Big Blaze Handicaps, three allowance races, was second in Great American Stakes, Remsen Handicap, and third in Ardsley Handicap. At three he won Constitution, Queens County, Empire City, and Butler Handicaps. At six in 1942 he won The Imperial Cup, the Amagansett Handicap, Caghiostro Hurdle Handicap, Shillelah Steeplechase, was second in Broad Hollow Steeplechase Handicap. He injured his ankle in the last named race and was retired.

Lovely Night is a son of the successful young sire Pilate (also sire of Eight Thirty, etc.) and out of the dam of the stakes winner Pompeys Pillar and two other winners from six foals.

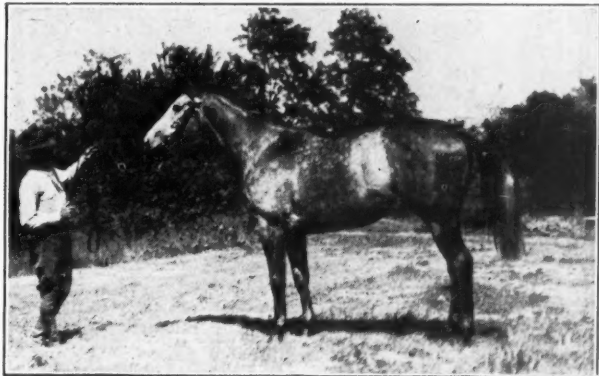
## Private Contract

STANDING AT

ELSMEADE FARM

Russell Cave Pike  
LEXINGTON, KY.

## COQ D'ESPRIT



COQ D'ESPRIT, grey, 1934, by \*COQ GAULOIS—DULCY, by \*LIGHT BRIGADE, is a magnificent individual, standing 16.3 1/2, measures 79 inches around girth, 9 1/2" below the knee and weighs 1,500 pounds. Combining, as he does, the jumping qualities of \*COQ GAULOIS and \*LIGHT BRIGADE, and being a brilliant jumper himself, he should prove a most outstanding sire of jumpers.

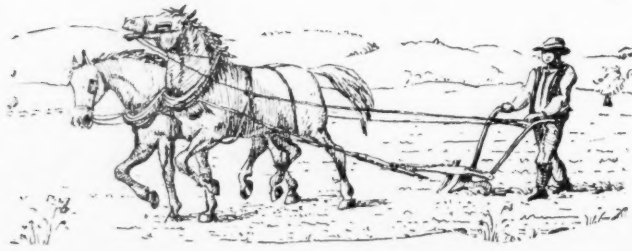
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Fee—\$50 Return

Mares boarded at reasonable rates.

DR. L. M. ALLEN, WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA

## FARMING in WAR TIME



### Vaccination Against Brucellosis (With A Culture Of Reduced Virulence)

Continuing the handling of the herd for this disease, this may seem a long article, but is well worth reading slowly, there may be an answer here based about on a par with the shots for distemper in hounds, which in its early days was not so effective, but today is a worthwhile treatment. We again quote from the U. S. D. A. Bulletin 1871 as follows:

Vaccination against brucellosis has been the subject of investigation for many years in various parts of the world. Killed *Brucella* organisms, those of reduced virulence, and even virulent cultures have been used with varying degrees of success in animals of all ages, pregnant and nonpregnant. The results as a whole show that an increased resistance is produced in most instances by most of the vaccines used, but under some conditions and with certain vaccines, the results were more harmful than beneficial. Consequently, many States have regulations governing the use of vaccines of any description within their borders. It was not until Buck discovered a *Brucella* organism of reduced virulence, "strain 19", and vaccination was confined to calves between 4 and 8 months of age that a semblance of consistent results was established. Cotton and Buck and their co-workers have made repeated experiments in which calves were vaccinated with strain 19 and subsequently exposed during the third or fourth month of their first pregnancy, with an equal number of control animals, to a virulent culture of *Br. abortus*.

Of 70 animals vaccinated during calthood and exposed artificially to *Brucella abortus* during pregnancy, 1 aborted a dead fetus, 2 produced weak calves, and 63 produced normal calves. Four other animals aborted from causes other than brucellosis as *Br. abortus* was not recovered from the aborted fetus, or the afterbirth or the colostrum of the dam. Of 73 control animals exposed in the same manner, 51 aborted dead fetuses, 4 produced weak calves, and 18 produced normal calves.

Following parturition in the 70 vaccinated animals, *Brucella abortus* was recovered from the 3 that aborted and from 5 that produced normal calves. Of the 73 controls, *Br. abortus* was recovered after parturition from the 55 animals that aborted and from 2 that produced normal calves.

Briefly, 4.3 percent of the vaccinated animals aborted as a result of *Brucella* infection and 11.4 percent became infected following severe artificial exposure, whereas 75.3 percent of the unvaccinated (control) animals aborted and 78.1 percent of them became infected.

To determine the effectiveness of this method under natural conditions, field trials of calthood vaccin-

ation in 260 badly infected herds in 24 States have been in progress since 1936. No control animals were used but the infected animals were allowed to remain in the herds to provide exposure.

A recapitulation of the figures covering the vaccinated animals involved in one, two, or three pregnancies during the first 4 1-2 years is as follows:

A total of 8,182 animals were involved in the three pregnancies, of which 7,872, or 96.2 percent, calved normally, and 310, or 3.8 percent, aborted. Of the 310 aborting animals, 182, or 58.7 per cent, were negative and 128, or 41.3 percent, revealed either a positive or a suspicious titer. Consequently, on a basis of the blood-agglutination test, only 128 abortions, or 1.6 percent of this group of 8,182 animals that were involved in the three pregnancies, could be attributed to brucellosis. Of the 1,346 animals that calved normally and revealed a positive or suspicious titer, approximately 500, or 37.1 percent, gave a negative reaction to the first retest applied 6 months later. In the first group of 97 animals that calved normally during the first pregnancy and disclosed a suspicious or positive titer, the fifth retest, applied 2 1-2 years later, indicates that 75, or 77.3 percent of these animals, had returned to a negative titer.

The results from both the experimental and field trials of calthood vaccination with strain 19 *Brucella abortus* showed that this method is very effective so far as calf production is concerned and markedly effective in actually preventing infection.

Accordingly, a plan for the official recognition of vaccination of calves as an aid in cooperative Bang's disease control was presented by the Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry in December 1940. According to the provisions of the plan, calthood vaccination, as well as the present test-and-slaughter method of eradication, may be used in States where the proper officials deem conditions favorable, contingent on acceptance of the plan by the proper authorities in such States.

One objectionable feature to vaccination against brucellosis in cattle lies in the fact that, soon after the injection of the vaccine, the blood titer, as indicated by the agglutination test, rises to a degree that cannot be differentiated from actual infection. Data collected on a large number of animals in this connection show that the older the animal, the longer the vaccinal reaction persists. In calves between 4 and 8 months of age, the blood titer usually returns to negative or not more than 1 to 25 within 4 to 8 months. Only rarely does an animal vaccinated during

calthood retain a positive titer at the time of first breeding. In older animals, the condition is different. A vaccinal titer as high as 1 to 100 may persist in these animals for a year or longer. The fact that the vaccinal titer persists in older animals for such a long period and cannot be differentiated from actual infection renders such a procedure undesirable if the removal of the actually infected animals by means of the blood test is desired. Pregnant animals should not be vaccinated with strain 19, since abortion has resulted in several instances following its experimental use in such animals.

Vaccination is also opposed by some persons because of the fear that complete virulence may be returned to strain 19 as the result of its abode in the vaccinated animal. Many thousands of calves have been vaccinated with strain 19 and no evidence has so far been presented to show that its virulence has increased in this manner. Vaccinated calves have been placed with normal pregnant animals without causing the latter to react in any degree to the agglutination test or become affected with the disease. Strain 19 has been injected into a normal pregnant cow in such large numbers as to cause abortion. The organism was recovered from the aborting cow, cultured, and again injected in large numbers into another pregnant animal, causing abortion. The organism from the second cow was recovered and on comparison with the original strain it was found that no variation in its virulence had taken place. As a result of this and other similar work, it is believed that strain 19 may be used safely for vaccinal purposes under the conditions indicated.

Many States have regulations prohibiting or regulating the use of vaccine in controlling brucellosis of cattle. Persons interested in vaccination, therefore, should consult their State veterinarian or State livestock sanitary officials before having this product used in their herds.

The aim in the use of vaccine in a brucellosis-infected herd should be directed toward the eradication of the disease rather than merely toward the assurance of a calf crop. The eradication of the disease is possible only through the removal of the animals that continue to show agglutination reaction on repeated tests. The reacting animals may be removed immediately, if necessary, or gradually as vaccinated replacements become available. It should be obvious, therefore, that two requisites are necessary in this connection, first, that vaccination should be confined to calves between 4 and 8 months of age, and, second, that periodic blood tests should be made of the entire herd. To obtain the desired results, the administration of the vaccine and subsequent care of the affected herd should be entrusted to a qualified veterinarian.

### Farm Income Tax Returns

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FARM BUDGETS  
FARM ADVISORY SERVICE

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45 West 45th St., N. Y. City  
Established 1922

GEORGE H. POEHLMANN, JR.  
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HORSE SHOW MANAGEMENT  
AND ANNOUNCING

Warrenton, Virginia

## HERD DIRECTORY

In order to assist readers of The Chronicle who pay especial attention to maximum production from their farms, we present this directory of the owners of good herds of the country. We hope that it will prove of benefit to those who sell and also buy.

### MARYLAND

ABERDEEN-ANGUS BEEF CATTLE  
PERCHERON DRAFT HORSES  
MONOCACY FARMS Frederick, Md.

### VIRGINIA

CHAPEL HILL FARM  
ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE  
Herd sire Eric 2nd of Redgate 597295  
T. B. and Bangs Accredited  
DAVID R. DONOVAN, Mgr.  
Chapel Hill, Berryville, Va.

MONTANA HALL SHORTHORNS  
Cows from the best horned and polled families  
Will calve to OAKWOOD PURE GOLDx  
A few promising calves (horned and polled)  
now available  
White Post, Va.

REGISTERED ABERDEEN-ANGUS BREEDING  
STOCK  
Inspection Invited — Visitors Welcome  
George Christie Edward Jenkins  
Manager Owner  
RED GATE, MILLWOOD, VA.

POLLED SHORTHORN BEEF CATTLE  
International Grand Champion Bulls  
on straight Scotch Foundation females.  
Top converters of grass into beef at weight  
for age.  
MR. AND MRS. A. MACKAY SMITH  
Farney Farm White Post, Va.

### WEST VIRGINIA

OLIVEBOY REGISTERED HEREFORDS  
PRINCE DOMINO (MISCHIEFS)  
JAMES M. WOLFE  
Charles Town, W. Va. Phone 5-F-8

Herbert's Hill Farms, Inc.  
R. D. 6, West Chester, Pa.

Breeders of  
ABERDEEN-ANGUS  
the profitable Beef Cattle

We have consigned for the Regional  
Aberdeen-Angus Breeders Sale to be  
held at Trenton, N. J. April 20th and  
21st, 1943, a daughter of ENVIOUS  
BLACKCAP B. 10th, a heifer that will  
look well in anybody's herd.

JOHN GEROW, Manager

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A practical illustrated  
booklet. Will help you  
make more money on  
your farm with easy  
fleshed, high-producing  
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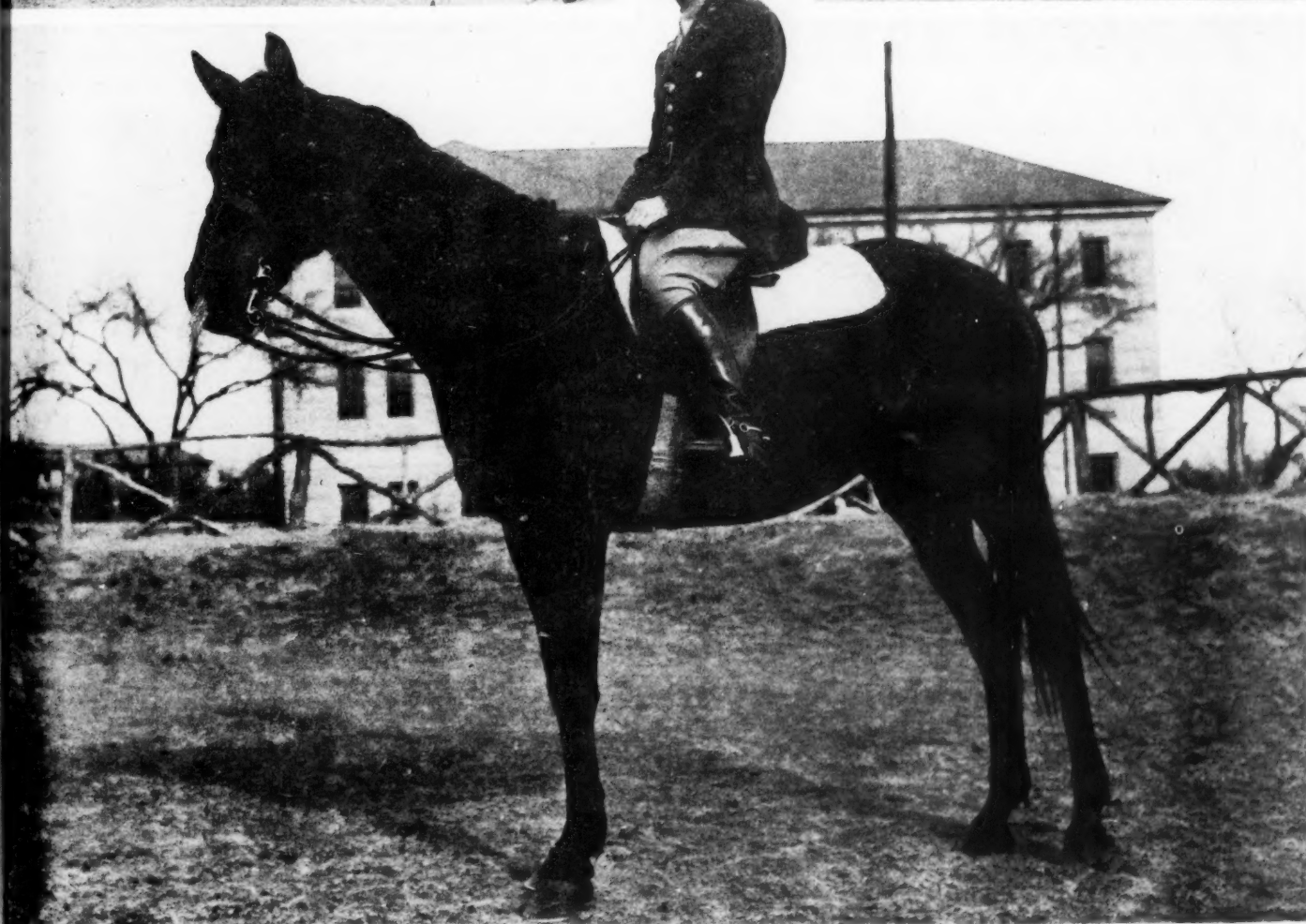
2 "Polled Shorthorns."  
Complete. Fully illustrat-  
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great hornless beef breed  
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educational facts and pic-  
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why they are the Universal Breed.

Tell us which you want—we'll do the rest.  
AMERICAN SHORTHORN BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION  
Dept. 631 Union Stock Yards Chicago, Illinois



FORT RILEY GRADUATES WELL KNOWN HORSEMEN



Above is Second Lieut. Louis E. Stoddard, internationally known amateur jockey, who rode for nine years in America, England and France, who was also among officers graduating at Fort Riley. Below is Second Lieut. A. A. "Sandy" Baldwin, prominent polo player and horse trainer, one of the 14 polo-playing Baldwins. He has been riding since he was four years old, both in Hawaii and the United States.



Left to right - Mrs. Tom Pilcher - Jack Holt - Tom Pilcher. Seated on ground - Snowy Baker. Driving left to right, and winners of driving class in that order - Mrs. Ray Rosendahl - Major "Bill" Cowen - and Tim Durant.



Names reading from left to right - Garry Curley, Jackie Morris, Joyce Miller, Marjorie Durant, Deborah Spalding, Nina Lewton, Antonio Vidor, Frances Zucco, Julie Squire, Minnie Wanamaker, Marlyn May, Mrs. Warner Illing, Jolly Feldman, Bobbie Campbell, Barry Callan, Ann Campbell, Harry Ditisheim, and Snowy Baker standing.

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# Beagles



## Treweryn Beagles

Sunday, Jan. 17. Although a light drizzle fell over the winter countryside as 10 couples of Treweryn hounds, packed closely at their huntsman's heels, left the Kennels to road to a 3 o'clock meet at the Radnor Hunt Club, the threatening rain held off; and a better than average afternoon's sport was thoroughly enjoyed by a small field of 12 keen beaglers who managed to meet hounds at the appointed place and hour by diverse means and devious routes. The day was dark and overcast; and the mercury, which stood at 45 degrees when hounds moved off from the Radnor Hunt to draw west up into the Bryn Clovis country, was slowly falling as the damp easterly breeze shifted around toward the north. Two unseasonably warm January days had drawn much frost out of the ground, and underfoot the going was very soft and muddy.

At 3:25 several members of the searching Treweryn pack came upon an old hare squatting in the tall, yellow grass on the south slope of Gay Leg. Cheered by their huntsman's horn, the rest of the pack went to the cry like wildfire; and hounds ran streaming away across the corn toward the southern boundary of Bryn Clovis Farm. Here at a momentary check, Fiddler (Treweryn Forger—Thorpe Satchville Pancake) hit off the line up a muddy cart path, threw his tongue, and in an instant the pack was driving away west. On the Sugartown road hounds were at fault for an instant; but, as they cast themselves quickly, Boisterous (Waldingfield Minstrel—Bijou) hit it off and led the chorusing pack away across the muddy corn field of the Chew farm. Hunting on at a good pace, the merry beagles circled left-handed down across the rough, weedy fields of the Tony Jackson farm. When the music of working hounds would cease momentarily when the line of the elusive hare followed one of the several narrow paths, which wind through the tall weeds and briars, it was always the bawling voice of Fiddler that could be heard proclaiming the spotty trail; and it was this tender nosed, sixth season hound who led the driving pack away south circling down across the Chew farm.

In the meadow land the hunted hare had doubled and squatted. Presently she jumped up just behind

Continued on Page Eighteen

## More Out Of Hounds

Continued from Page Three

In any athletic endeavour it is the long slow work that builds up to the fast work. The more the preliminary slow work the better they will keep their condition under the strain of the actual work. Consider for instance the one-night-a-week-hounds of some night hunters that can go hard, fast and long one night then lie around the kennel sore and stiff most of the rest of the week and look like walking skeletons. It is roading that makes the difference between these and a well muscled hound that can go three days a week and keep his condition.

While hounds, horses and men are all getting fit they are also getting better acquainted. While roading, hounds should be under complete control and this gets to be a habit that will carry over into the hunting field. When a hound gets out of place and is called in by name he is learning to mind and learning his name at the same time.

Good active experienced whippers are harder to find than ever now, but I have done without and a lot of others will have to for the duration, so the following may be helpful.

### Coupling And Punishing

A coupling is a huntsman's best tool in roading hounds. Experimenting with different combinations is the only way to find out which hounds will go together the best and which ones can be trusted to go uncoupled. It is a curious thing, but often the worst offenders will go the best together and often two hounds that always push ahead will stay back when coupled. Coupling two of a kind saves a good hound from being punished with a bad one.

It requires familiarity with the hounds to know which need punishment and how much. Some hounds can't stand even the sight of a whip and some won't mind for anything less than a beating. A word means as much to some as the whip does to others, but the whip should be the last resort, with one exception—Riot. Then the sooner they are punished the better. If they run anything but a fox, or break from the pack after illegitimate game while roading, quick and severe action will save a lot of future trouble.

Most huntsmen have noticed what a sobering effect it has on the rest of the pack to discipline one in sight of the rest, and how they all mind better for seeing it. As a hint to huntsmen I might add, confine any harsh punishment to training periods and privacy as much as possible. The field's sympathy is usually with the hound. I hate to whip a hound but I have to admit it is sometimes necessary.

Ordinarily the huntsman rewards and the whipper-in punishes, but I have found that a hound can take both from the huntsman, sometimes to advantage. There are two ways of looking at it. A hound may not associate the whip and huntsman very closely. He may consider the whip as someone to be feared and avoided and the huntsman as a friend to be obeyed voluntarily, or with the fear of consequences when the whip is present, and often indifferently when the whip isn't in sight. Voluntary obedience can be greatly increased by kind treatment and reward by the huntsman, but I think that hounds should know that the huntsman can, and will if necessary, enforce his commands. They should have respect for his authority.

## When Whipper-In Hunts Hounds

In most clubs, where the huntsman is absent the whip takes over, usually with pretty good obedience from the hounds, which adds strength to my theory that they will mind and respect the person that makes them mind, therefore if the huntsman disciplines as well as rewards they will mind him better.

I have often tried, with good results, changing places with the whip while roading hounds. That way I could control, even partially broke hounds, with a very inexperienced assistant. There may be several huntsmen with inexperienced help this year. All the other rider needs to do is ride along at a walk or trot while I turn hounds to him. It is only a matter of minutes before hounds realize they should pack to the other person. They get used to my rating them and seem to mind me a lot better when I am at their head again, and also handle better when the whip isn't there.

It tries any huntsman's patience to have hounds ranging away from

the pack, going into yards or hanging back on the road when the whip is not capable of turning them to him. By occasionally changing places the huntsman can get a lot of satisfaction from being behind some of the constant offenders. When back in the proper huntsman's position, he may be surprised how much better they mind when he puts a little authority in his voice. Good road manners are a necessity, a convenience, and the mark of a well trained pack.

These ideas, methods and experiences are presented with the hope that they may be helpful. Perhaps if others will respond with advice and questions, a discussion will be started that will benefit me as well as other huntsmen. It is my biggest wish to return to hunting as soon as this war is over. There are also other subjects that could be brought up now that would improve this wartime economy, for instance feeding and breeding.

## DOUBLE SCOTCH

Bay, 1934	Stimulus	Ultimus	Commando
			Running Stream
		Hurakan	Uncle
			The Hoyden
	Lady Minnie	*Sir Gallahad III	*Teddy
			Plucky Liege
		Minima	Friar Rock
			Miss Minnie

If you want to breed your mare with the thought of a winner, chances are better than average. Added to this DOUBLE SCOTCH gets them with substance, exceptional dispositions and great stamina. His 1st get were 25 times in the money out of 32 starts. His 2nd includes the Stake winner, TWO TIMES and the good winners OXIE and FLYING KILTS.

### PRIVATE CONTRACT

Captain C. V. B. Cushman

WINDSOR FARM

UPPERVILLE, VIRGINIA

# MILKMAN

(Property of Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart)

Will make the season of 1943 at  
THE PLAINS, VIRGINIA

MILKMAN br., 1927	Cudgel	Broomstick	Ben Brush	Bramble Roseville
			Elm	Gillard Sylvabelle
		Eugenia Burch	Ben Strome	Bend Or Strathfield
			The Humber	Break Knife Keep Sake
		Peep o'Day	Ayrshire	Hampton Atlanta
	Milkmaid		Sundown	Springfield Sunshine
		Nell Olin	Wagner	Prince Charlie Duchess of Malfi
			Black Sleeves	Sir Dixon Lake Breeze

Milkmaid was a stake winner at 2, 3, and 4 and lowered track record at Saratoga Springs for 7 furlongs and 1 1-16 miles.

From 7 crops, Milkman has sired many winners, including Pasturized, winner at 2, 3 and 4 and \$47,220 including Belmont and East Vies Stakes, 3rd in Christians and Flamingo Stakes; Early Delivery, winner of Hialeah Park Inaugural and Belgrade Claiming Handicap, 3rd in Paumonok, Narragansett Spring Handicap; Buttermilk, winner Netherlands Plaza Handicap, 3rd in DeSales Handicap; Early Morn, winner of 19 races, placing 6 times, including Susquehanna Handicap and the winners Milk, Bonny Clabber, Butter, Milk Punch, Cottage Cheese, Separator, Rich Cream, Milk Dipper, Milray, Needmore, Cooling Spring and Cream Cheese.

Milkman had 6 two-year-old winners in 1940: Daily Delivery, Gay Man, Lactose, Milk And Honey, Quizzle and also Milk Bar who placed several times.

Only 5 two-year olds were raced in 1941, 3 of which were winners: Clip Clop, Milky Moon and Milk Route.

The 1st yearlings ever sold by Milkman averaged \$3,086 for 7 colts at Saratoga in 1940.

The 2nd crop of yearlings, 3 colts and 4 fillies, averaged \$2,043 at Saratoga in 1941 on a night of such poor sales that a leading breeder withdrew his yearlings the same evening.

To December 1, 1942, 7 two-year-olds have been winners: Dairy Lady, Milk Chocolate, Bottom Rail, Parachutist, Five A. M., Colleen and Cream. TO DATE THIS YEAR, HE HAS Sired 22 WINNERS OF 53 RACES.

These records will be kept up-to-date during the months that MILKMAN is advertised in The Chronicle.

Mares must have satisfactory veterinary certificates

Fee \$300  
Return

To offset shipping costs, the stud fee has been reduced this year by \$350.

Fee \$300  
Return

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**JUDGE** The National Magazine of Humor and Satire  
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More Cartoons, Margaret Fishback, Ted Shane, Poems, Fun Quiz, Crossword Puzzles, Riotous Stories, plus the Humorous Features of the old "Life" Magazine and "Punch" 15c. at Independent Newsdealers • \$1.50 a Year  
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## Five Heat Four-Mile Race In 1832

### Was Most Gruelling And Sensational Race Ever Run In This Country

BY GEORGE W. ORTON

1832, Union Course, L. I. Saturday Oct. 13. Jockey Club Purse, \$600. Free for all ages. To carry, three-year-olds, 90 lbs., four-year-olds, 104 lbs., five-year-olds, 114 lbs., six-year-olds, 121 lbs., seven-year-olds and upward, 126 lbs.

John C. Stevens' blk. m. **Black Maria**, by Eclipse out of **Lady Lightfoot**, 6 years 1 0 2 2 1

Dr. E. A. Darty's ch. m. **Lady Relief**, by Eclipse out of **Maria Slam-erikin**, 5 years 3 3 3 1 2

John C. Craig's ch. f. **Trifle**, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, 4 years 2 0 1 3 dist

Bela Badger's (John C. Tillotson's) b. f. **Slim**, by **Flying Childers** out of **Molly Longlegs** by **Harwood**, 4 years 4 dist

Time, 8 min. 6 sec, 7 min. 55 sec, 8 min. 13 sec, 8 min. 39 sec, 8 min. 47 sec. Track very heavy.

(Spirit of the Times, Mar. 9, 1939)

Shades of Billy Barton! Page Messrs. Jim Ryan, Jack Skinner, Sidney Hirst, Dave Odell, Frank Bon-sall, Jr., John B. Shaw, Jr., or any other of our best known cross-country riders. Ask them how they would like to ride five four-mile races on one afternoon. Ask them if they would ever consider putting one of their fine crosscountry Thoroughbreds into a four-mile race even though there were to be only two heats. They would all look askance at you and declare emphatically that four-mile heat races are out. Practically, all of them have stated that, in their opinion, during the fall and spring season, it is too much to ask of a crosscountry horse to race each week. It is true that the above race was run on a track and not over country and that the weights were light compared to what our cross-country horses carry but even so they would all frown on having a horse run more than one heat of a four-mile race whether on a track or not.

Most of our modern race goes on glancing over the above summary will at once conclude that this is a trotting race at the one mile distance but it is a running race in which it took five heats to decide the winner and each heat was at four miles. It seems incredible to the modern race goer that such races were permitted. The fact is that at this time in England, Ireland and the United States, the big races were the three and four mile races. The most important race of the big meeting in or around New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, St. Louis, Nashville, Boston, Philadelphia, Memphis and other racing centers of those times was the four-mile race and it was always run in heats just as the two and three mile races of those days were run in heats. The one mile race was on most programs and it was also run in heats but the races at this distance were for the younger horses and it was rarely that one finds a two-year-old entered in any meeting.

Thus a glance over the above summary will be worth while. First, one notices that all of the four entries were mares. In these days, a mare is not conceded to have the stamina or staying power of either a gelding or a horse but in these early days of the American turf, we find mares showing stamina equal to any of the

horses of their time. Second, it will be noted that the breeding of all the horses in this race was absolutely first class. Indeed, the trainers and owners of horses in those days paid just as much attention to the science of breeding as do our modern owners. The sire of the first two horses in the race was the famous (American) Eclipse. The sire of the last horse **Flying Childers** is, of course, not the famous **Flying Childers** that was the wonder horse early in the 18th century, the horse that was rumored to be able to run a mile a minute. However, **Slim** is descended from this old **Childers** stock. The science of breeding is no modern idea. British horsemen from early times placed great emphasis on breeding. To go further back, no keener students of breeding can be found than among the Arabians and Persians of early times. American horsemen also studied the matter very carefully and imported into this country from England many horses that had made racing history there.

It may be interesting to interpolate here that these importations did not apply to trotting stock. On the contrary, the trotting horse in his country has been famous throughout the world for at least one hundred and fifty years. The flow of trotting stock was from America to England and to all the countries of Europe as it still is.

The account of the above sensational race which was published in the Spirit of the Times in 1839 in an article on the racing career of **Black Maria** is very characteristic of the sort of sporting writing of those days. This account also gives various information as to the method of starting, the racing conditions of the course, the keen interest of the spectators and also the condition of the horses as they came through the various heats or started these heats. For these reasons, we shall give the account practically in full. This report of the race though published in the Spirit of the Times was published in 1832 in the "Turf Register" in their number for Dec., of that year. First, it seems pertinent to record that both **Black Maria** and **Lady Relief** ran in a three mile race, **Black Maria** winning the race. **Lady Relief** won the first heat in 6 min. 2 sec., and **Black Maria** won the next two heats each in 5 min. 55 sec. This race was on October 4th, only nine days prior to the great five heat four-mile race mentioned above.

The report of the race is as follows:

After giving some data on the apparent condition of the horses and noting that **Trifle** was the favorite at five to four against the field or five to three against **Black Maria**, the correspondent says "As the trumpet sounded for the horses to come up to the starting post, they severally appeared, exhibiting their various tempers by their individual behavior. **Black Maria** (who had the inside track) showed neither alarm nor anxiety. She was as calm and unimpassioned as if she had been a mere spectator; and this coldness of demeanor won "no golden opinions" from the lookers-on. **Trifle** exhibited high spirits, brought down to their proper level by judicious breaking and training. A slight tremor ran through her frame; and

an impatient lifting of the forefoot now and then, showed that she was alive to the coming struggle. **Lady Relief**, on the contrary, was all fire and animation-ready to break away from her groom and dash through all obstacles for the sake of victory. **Slim** exhibited an impatient spirit and seemed, by her anxiety, to show herself a descendant from the **Childers** who always ran (at least on our course) without "whip or spur."

"At the tap of the drum, the four went off well together, **Relief** taking the lead within the first quarter, closely followed by **Slim**; then by **Trifle** and last but not least, **Black Maria**. The first mile indicated a 'waiting' race as all the riders had their horses under the hardest pull; each seeming desirous that his antagonists should take the lead. **Trifle**, impatient at such trifling, began to make play and this aroused **Black Maria**, who was trailing along quietly behind the whole. With a few huge strides, she brought herself up to the front, passed the whole before she came to the judge's stand, followed closely by the gallant little **Trifle** which stuck to her like an accompanying phantom. At the beginning of the third mile, the leading nags made play and during the whole of it, **Black Maria** held the lead, closely followed by **Trifle**, while **Relief** and **Slim** were (and as we believe NOT willingly) at a most respectable distance in the rear.

After passing the judge's stand and entering upon the fourth mile, and after compassing the turn, upon the southerly side of the course, **Trifle** made a dash at **Maria** and ran her so hard down the descending ground upon the straight side, that her stable antagonist (perhaps not unwillingly) gave up the track which was taken by the Southern lady and kept with apparent ease, round the turn, until you come to that part of the course which looks up towards the judge's stand. Here at a moment when all opinions had given **Trifle** the heat, as a "safe thing that could not be missed" **Maria** went at her and before you could count one, she shot by **Trifle** like an arrow and won the heat with ease; there being a considerable gap between herself and **Trifle**, and a much greater one between the latter and the hind most horses.

"Here then was disappointment on all sides. **Black Maria**, that was not "to take a heat" or who at all events had not foot enough to brash with the speedy little **Trifle** had beat the field, in the last quarter, in what she was not supposed to possess, namely speed.

(Some comments follow on the lack of headwork on the part of **Trifle**'s rider, in pushing **Black Maria** so hard on the back stretch on the last mile and not waiting for the finish. He remarks that on account of the unusually heavy rains the course was extremely heavy. He notes that notwithstanding **Trifle**'s defeat, she was still the favorite in the betting. Also, that **Lady Relief**'s saddle had slipped but that her rider with the saddle before him had kept his seat and that she finished with great spirit. He then continued.)

"At the start for the second heat, **Black Maria** appeared calm (as is usual with her) while **Trifle** and **Lady Relief** were all animation. They went off as if this heat were to be won by running, instead of waiting as in the first heat; **Relief** taking the lead followed by **Slim**, then by **Trifle** while **Black Maria** brought up the rear. Ere they had

## Airmen Get Fine Recreation From Horseback Riding

By MARGARET P. LEONARD

The Commanding Officer at the Casper Air Base (School for Bombardiers) recently expressed great satisfaction that such a large number of his officers and men are enthusiastic about horseback riding. He stated that the students' nerves are under very great pressure as instruction (in preparation for combat duty) is being crowded upon them just as fast and forcefully as they can take it without cracking from the strain. And that under these conditions it is essential for them to have not only regular periods of complete relaxation, but diversion as well.

In horseback riding they find this in a most delightful way, and their enthusiasm for the sport runs high. We have seen groups of them start out from the stable in the gathering dusk, with a strong wind blowing, and no moon to light their way. And on the warmer nights it is not unusual to find a number of "winged" overcoats still hanging on the tack room wall at ten o'clock.

A number of the officers have outfitted themselves with Western riding clothes: California saddle pants, high heeled boots, leather jacket, gay silk scarf, and ten-gallon hat, in which one man puts a Texas style dent, another a Wyoming dent, etc.

The wives, too, are riding, with courage equal to their husbands', in witness whereof we mention a certain Lieutenant's wife who gallantly started on a twelve-mile ride the third time she was ever in the saddle. A number of the army wives take lessons on flat saddles, but most of the men, having less leisure, choose the more picturesque western stock saddle.

The autumn and winter weather, up to the middle of January, was very conducive to riding, as the few storms had a spring-like quality, such as a snowstorm one day was melted the next by the sun or a chinook wind, and the ground dried off rapidly, leaving good footing for horses nearly all the time.

accomplished one mile, however, **Trifle** had passed **Relief** and **Slim** while **Black Maria**, taking advantage of the rising ground as you come up to the Judge's stand, thundered by them all, with her long strides, and took up her station in front, closely followed by **Trifle** while the others again dropped behind. Indeed the pace at which they were running seemed so unreasonable to Miss **Slim**, that she concluded that she could not keep such company any longer; and, as she could not run away from them by pursuing her course upon the track, she very wisely abandoned it altogether at the end of the third (seventh) mile and quietly walked off the course. **Maria**, in the meantime, led **Trifle**, with apparent ease, round the second, third and fourth miles until you come to the 'run in'.

And, here, her rider, instead of giving her the 'persuaders' to make 'assurance doubly sure' turned his head around to look for his antagonist; and he was not long in finding her; for **Trifle**, close at his heels, went at him up the straight side, whip and spur, gradually gaining at every step. **Maria**'s rider begins to 'look wild'. She it at her throat-latch and the judge's stand not six feet off. She makes a desperate effort and head and head, they pass the stand a dead heat. Time, 7.55.

To Be Concluded



# Masters Of Foxhounds

Continued from Page One

Adrian Van Sinderen, president of the American Horse Shows Association.

Mr. Waring said that the United Hunts was prepared to offer up to \$8,000 for the financial aid of the hunt race meetings. He also suggested that the Carolina meetings be consolidated into one meeting and that the same thing should be done in other sections of the country, particularly in Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania. Mr. Waring stated that this was merely a suggestion on his part and he emphasized that United Hunts was anxious not to appear to be dictating to the race meets as to how they should run their own affairs.

The speech by Mr. Van Sinderen was supposed to be patterned after a book presented to him by Spencer Weed which contained all the essential information as to how a speech should be prepared, presented, etc. However, Mr. Van Sinderen, in order to follow the instructions, was supposed to save his funny stories until the last but he said his difficulty lay in the fact that he didn't know any funny stories. Getting to the serious side of his speech, he stated that the horse show association was going to carry on as long as it could, and as long as it didn't interfere with the war effort.

The president of the oldest club in the country, the Coaching Club, spoke of the very pleasant relations between the Coaching Club and the M. F. H. A. which had been maintained ever since the founding of the M. F. H. A. in 1907.

Bayard Tuckerman spoke of his experiences in Africa with a large group of Red Cross ambulance drivers, composed mainly of men just out of college. They went to Egypt by way of Cape Town and received the most wonderful reception by the people of that place. He felt that people in this country should realize what a splendid job the people of Cape Town are doing in entertaining the Americans when they stop there. Mr. Tuckerman supervised the training of these men in the desert in preparation for their duties but was taken sick just at the time they were ready to move to the front and was invalided home.

Mr. Stewart called on the following and others to say a few words: Harry T. Peters, M. F. H. of Meadow Brook; Frederick Bontecou, M. F. H. of Millbrook; William Langley, ex-M. F. H. of Shelburne Hunt; J. Stanley Reeves, chairman of the Bryn Mawr hound show and the only honorary member of the Ass'n., J. Watson Webb, A. Mackay Smith, M. F. H. of the Blue Ridge Hunt, and R. Laurence Parrish, M. F. H. of Golden's Bridge and the youngest member of the association.

Sir John Dill, British Military representative, had planned to attend the dinner, but at the last moment, his aide called to report that Sir John was away on a little trip. Mr. Stewart announced to those present that the "little trip" was to Casablanca.

A telegram of greetings was sent to A. Henry Higginson in England who is an honorary vice president of the Ass'n. All present stood in respect of Henry Vaughan, former president and James W. Appleton, former vice president.

Mr. Stewart was re-elected president; J. Watson Webb was elected 1st vice president to succeed the late

# Letters To Editor

Continued from Page Eleven

trick prodder for a number of years for farm use and in stock yards and packing houses to direct the movement of obstinate animals.

It is our belief that every horse-drawn Army vehicle should carry an electric prodder in case of an emergency, such as balkiness, or where a sudden burst of power beyond the horse's or mule's ordinary capacity is needed to get out of a rut, over an object, etc. A light touch with our prodder will do wonders with an animal.

We manufacture this item in three sizes; one is used primarily by animal trainers and is only six inches long; our standard model, which is twenty-four inches long; and the sorting pole model which is four and one-half feet long.

We will be glad to furnish samples at any time to the proper parties for experimental purposes. Please advise us by return mail whom we should contact.

Very truly yours,  
Kow Kicker Manufacturing Kompany  
R. A. Kennedy  
Sioux City, Iowa.

# Kerchief For A Bit

To The Editor.

Do you remember that Argentine trick of mouthing a horse with a handkerchief cross tied behind his lower teeth? Well it came in very handy. I was looking after a Major's horse who had a wart on her cheek. Every time a bridle was put on her, it irritated the hell out of this wart. That trick you taught me saved the day and amazed the Major. After that I got a better job. Hoping to see you on the polo field soon.

Very sincerely, Bobby Clark.

# Texas Notes

Continued from Page Four

though we hated to disillusion the navy man, who was Lieut. A. H. Moulton, and stationed at the U. S. Glider school at Eagle Mountain Lake near Fort Worth, we confessed to being a Texan, and were enjoying The Chronicle simply because we had lots of friends there and also contributed articles to the Horsemen's Journal. We also confided that we felt a sense of relationship in owning Nedayr, the former Kilmer product, which was bred and foaled at New Market, Virginia.

Folks, there's a fellow down in Texas who wants to get out of the horse business, apparently.

A recent advertisement in a Fort Worth newspaper read as follows:

"My new Texas stock saddle, my new English saddle, my new set of harness, my child's two wheel buggy, two new bridles, three new leather halters, extra set of rust proof bits, two brood mares and one bay stallion—all yours for \$335.00—first come first served."

Incidentally, he sold the consignment to a trader at daylight the morning the advertisement appeared.

Mr. Appleton; A. E. Ogilvie of Montreal was re-elected 2nd vice president and Worth Howard was elected to take Mr. Webb's place as secretary-treasurer. Amory S. Carhart, M. F. H. of Warrenton Hunt and Bayard Tuckerman were made new members of the executive committee.

# St. Peter's Beaglers

Continued from Page Eleven

West Surrey and Horsham pack. He told her one of our members had told him about them, and was a friend of a former master. "Well, fancy that" she said. "Let me see, where is he now? Gibraltar, I think. No, I heard he went somewhere else recently. I think it was Poland. Yes, Poland." Her only other reference to the war was phrased in good beagling terms. "I hope that they break that man."

The Beagles were superbly trained. They didn't even so much as look at a rabbit. Only hares. Nor at cows, horses or cats. The beagling started out in violent form. We ran at a great rate through woods and ploughed fields. It was wonderful to get into real country and have a run like that. But it was a little tough on us city-folk. After a while the hounds seemed to lose the scent. It got weaker and weaker as the afternoon wore on. This was bad because we all began to freeze. But it didn't seem to bother Miss Horne who took out a cigarette and smoked it without any gloves on. Finally she decided she had to get back, since she still had a mile and a half to walk and was at that point going in the opposite direction. Just then the hounds started giving tongue. "Oh, I must go on," cried Miss Horne, "I just can't resist that sound." So she went on into the woods, thereby adding another half mile to her already lengthy walk.

There was also a London doctor who had been injured in the last war and navigated with great difficulty with two canes. Yet he went through fields and woods, ploughed land, ditches, etc. all afternoon.

# Montpelier 'Chasers

Continued from Page One

Annapolis—Imp. Pimento II, by Pommern; Admiralty, 4, br. g., Man o'War—Imp. Dream On, by Rochester, winner over hurdles at Saratoga; Calvert, 3, br. g., Neddle—Dark Goddess, by Imp. Traumer. Calvert was sold at the Hitchcock sale and was purchased by Montpelier from Mrs. E. duPont Weir. He won on the flat, 1 mile, at Belmont Park. Susan Constant, br. filly by Jamestown out of Anna Horton, and Beefin', 3, b. g., by Imp. Belfonds out of Kentmere Girl complete the list of 6 to be sold. Beefin' has never started but has been well schooled.

The other one Billy Jones now has to race is Link, 3, br. g., by Imp. Belfonds—Associate, by Imp. Spanish Prince II. Link has never started.

Montpelier expects to take the following horses to Camden to race later in the season: Corrigan, 8 b. g. by the Irish sire, Knight of Kilcash, winner in 1941 at Saratoga, Foxcatcher National Cup, Manly Memorial and Noel Laing Steeplechase. Bavarian, 5, ch. g., by Imp. Blenheim II—Chatter Anne, by Chatterton won over jumps at Laurel and won on the flat at the hunt meets at Montpelier in 1941 and 1942. Mercator, 4, b. g., by Annapolis—Imp. Ponoza, by Pommern won over hurdles at Montpelier meet this past year. A new comer is Art School, a br. g. by Imp. Rhodes Scholar. Also included is Carroll K. Basset's Floating Isle, br. g., by Battleship—Imp. Dream On, by Rochester. Floating Isle will make his initial start this year.

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Have Raglan Sleeves, Inner Storm Cuffs, and Leg Strap to Keep Coat from Blowing off the Knee.

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Also Gloves, Stock Ties, Hunting Shirts and other Accessories. Hunting Appointments.

New and Used Saddles, Bridles by Whippy, Barnaby, etc.

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Over 1,000 Youngsters Compete In Juvenile Rodeo In Colorado

BY MARGARET P. LEONARD  
Undaunted by near zero temperature, more than a thousand children competed in the 13th Annual Juvenile Rodeo held Saturday morning January 16th as the opening event for the 37th National Western Stock Show, Horse Show and Rodeo which closed in Denver, Colorado January 23.

For thirteen years the Denver Post has held this unique rodeo for the boys and girls of the West, in which they do not ride big bad horses, but merely pass before the judges on a special stage erected in front of the Post Building. This is a most colorful parade as the costumes run from simple Levis and gingham shirts to high heeled boots, bright kerchiefs, buckskin skirts, chaps, gauntlets, embroidered vests, and small models of the ten-gallon hat, and some of the tiniest entrants carry good sized guns and ropes!

The day is eagerly awaited by the youngsters for the top prizes are two gentle, well broken Shetland ponies fully equipped with saddles, blankets, and bridles. Other prizes, two hundred in all, include chaps, spurs, belts, gauntlets, lariats, and several hundred pounds of candy; and every child who competes receives two tickets to the Stock Show.

The girl winner of one pony was 4-year-old Polly Ellen Schaffer, a real cow girl in miniature, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Schaffer of the Two-Bar-Seven ranch, Virginia Dale, Colorado.

The boy winner of the other pony was 9-year-old Donald Duane Woodworth, son of Roy E. Woodworth, a rancher of Parker, Colorado. He, too, wore an authentic cowboy costume which passed the critical scrutiny of the judges, who look for the MOST TYPICAL ranch costume. And no doubt Donald's evident mastery of that rolling, cow-country walk helped too.

Second award for boys went to Bobby Bowen, 13, third to John Barth, 7, and fourth to Jamey Roupp, 11, all of Denver.

Second girl winner was Carmen Bastian, 8 of Denver; third, Mary Belle Brown of Kremmling, Colo., and fourth, Lois Armstrong, 13, of Englewood, Colorado.

The judges were all "big names" in the rodeo world: King Merritt, of Federal, Wyoming, whose daughter Ramona won the girls' pony in 1941; Paul Carney of Wagner, Arizona; Hugh Bennett of Colorado Springs,

Tally-Ho And Stage Coach To Solve Gas Problem At Oaklawn

If you are in Hot Springs on the date the nation celebrates the birthday of George Washington, don't be surprised if you see the old Western stage coach, the "ritsy tally-ho", large moving vans and even the antique country "spring wagon moving down Central avenue towards the Oaklawn Park race track.

They will be horse drawn and loaded to capacity. Those conveyances represent the method the Arkansas Spa intends to use to solve the gas and rubber question and to assure racing patrons a joyful means of transportation to the track.

About 10 years ago Mayor Leo McLaughlin took the initiative to bring horses from other tracks to Hot Springs, got the gates of Oaklawn park open and the following year headed the movement to have the sport legalized.

"Now I'm going to try and get those who own many 'old Dobbins' to bring them from adjacent hay clover fields, polish up the harness, hitch them to conveyances and aid in getting the great army of racing patrons to Oaklawn park. It should be easy", the Mayor said.

"If there is one city racing patrons find convenient it is Hot Springs. The track is less than two miles from the center of the hotel and business district. Scores of visitors walk there daily as part of their health routine. The city bus line goes past the park. We are going to see our visitors are not inconvenienced in their effort to get to and from Oaklawn."

Eugene W. Bury, racing secretary for the Oaklawn Jockey Club, has been deluged with telegrams and 'phone calls from those who have horses in Florida. The closing of racing in that state means, Bury said, that many of the leading stables that would have remained in Florida for the Hialeah season now are headed this way.

Neither Mayor McLaughlin or any of the Oaklawn Jockey Club officials believe that the drastic restrictions applied in the east that prohibit cars at race tracks will be put into effect here, where there is no gas shortage. However, with horses into the picture, on the street and their more speedy colleagues on the

Homer Holcomb of Ogden, Utah, famous rodeo clown, and Abe Lefton of Hollywood, who for many years has been the National Western Rodeo Announcer.

Treweryn Beagles  
Continued from Page Fifteen

the hard working pack and led the screaming 13 inchers away north on a racing sight chase up across the corn. As hounds followed the fresh, strong scent at good pace on a small, looping circle through the tall weeds of the Jackson farm, members of the field viewed this crafty hare right across the corn. Running closely packed, hounds stuck to the line of their quarry well and hunted on back across the Sugartown road. While the pack searched diligently for a trace of the spotty trail along the muddy pathway, the big jack got up nearby about 75 yards ahead and moved off east across the Bryn Clovis alfalfa. Working on eagerly with noses ever close to the ground, hounds proclaimed the fresher, stronger scent with ringing cry and presently swung righthanded and drove away south into Gay Lea.

As the damp, northerly breeze grew steadily cooler, scenting became gradually poorer. The merry little hounds had to really work to own the faint, spotty line as they hunted slowly back north across the corn. The fleet footed hare was picking mud along pathways and across planting, corn, bean stubble, and alfalfa. Indeed, in many spots there didn't seem to be the slightest trace of scent. The Treweryn pack had been hunting this hare for just an hour. Although hounds persevered

track, no one need have any concern regarding gas.

John Cella, majority owner of the big racing establishment, and general manager Pete Holmes are due this week. The latter will open offices at the track.

with the difficult task of picking the now cold trail across the Bryn Clovis alfalfa and huntsman and whip did a bit of tracking along the muddy pathways, the line of this first hare was finally lost for good.

Hunt staff and followers decided enough time remained to draw back toward Gay Lea in search of another hare—a popular decision with the 10 couples of beagles! About ten minutes of 5, hounds jumped their second hare in the middle of a large field of unharvested soy beans. With large, frantic leaps through the tangled beans, this long eared jack just managed to make good her escape from her roaring pursuers as the huntsman's horn once again sounded Gone Away. For the next 45 minutes the few beaglers who still followed the Treweryn pack enjoyed a slow, circling hunt across the broad, open Bryn Clovis farmland and through Fairy Hill and Garrett's woods with many excellent views, for hounds worked up to this hare in the open no less than 4 times and raced screaming away in flying pursuit. Across the deep, muddy planting the picking was slow indeed; and hounds were just able to carry the faint line. Here the very keen nose of Mercury (Treweryn Flasher—Music) stood out above all others. Again and again his deep, musical voice would proclaim the barest trace of scent when the rest of the pack were unable to speak to the line at all. Throughout the afternoon Banker and Galloper, both sired by the great Treweryn Forger, also did more than their share of the work when the picking was toughest. It was not until 5:35 that hounds finally ran to a loss on the Sugartown road and were called home.—R. P. W. H.

BROOKMEADE FARM STALLIONS

(Property of Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane)

1943 Season

OKAPI  
Brown, 1930

OKAPI	Eternal	Sweep	Ben Brush
			Pink Domino
		Hazel Burke	*Sempronius
			Retained II
Oktibbens		*Rock Sand	Sanfoin
			Roquebrune
		Octoroon	Hastings
			*Ortega

Fee \$250

To Guarantee a Live Foal

PSYCHIC BID  
Chestnut, 1932

PSYCHIC BID	Chance Play	Fair Play	Hastings
			*Fairy Gold
		*Quelle Chance	Ethelbert
			*Qu'Elle est Belle II
Queen Herod		Tetratema	The Tetrarch
			Scotch Gift
		Reine de Neige	Roi Herode
			Snowflight

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## Land And Polo Promotion In Ohio

BY CASTLE HILL

After reading Murdo Morrison's story about the Miami polo promotion, I was reminded of Tom White and his experience with one of the Van Swearingens in Cleveland. There was the field at Circle W, I think was the name of it, on the late Walter White's place, then one at Gates Mills and one at Halfred Farms. But a real slap-up match field was not in the land where the Chagrin Valley Hounds hunted.

Somehow the shorter of the two Van Swearingens, I don't recall his name, heard of the need. Most people know of how they developed the big railroad terminal from a boys' news route, how they became the tycoons of railroading, the B and O and other lines. Perhaps it is not so generally known that they owned what is now the fashionable Shaker Heights and Cleveland Heights, or most of the latter. The farsighted "born promoters", asked Tom White, who was head of polo in the valley at that time, if he could use a really good field on the Chagrin River. Told him to go pick the place. After this was done, they asked what it would take to make the field and keep it going. As there was a problem of high pressure water pumping out of the river, also a huge fill to do, the cost was a big sum, but Tom knew what it was and told Van Swearingen the grim news, which ran into many figures. Try building any kind of a good field with all the things that go with it, you will soon be faced with a check writing job of some proportion.

Tom came away with the check, the field was built, played on. A publicity firm was hired to handle that end of it and pretty soon the polo minded, at least the spectacle minded, of Cleveland, were driving through Shaker Heights down to the Hunting Valley Polo Field. How much real estate was sold as a result of the scheme I am unable to say, but the field was a good one.

Talking of these brothers of the railroad, at their Rose Hill farm there was a palatial stable. Dressing rooms with tiled floors, walls and lockers, brass and more brass. Every metal gadget in the loose boxes and round the stables was brass, down to the hoops round the wooden buckets. One man, I was told, had exclusive "right" to clean the brass, he was by no means an idle man either.

The stable was for the most part fairly full, but the horses were just the kind that would reliably pull a spring wagon for a troop of Cavalry, in the days when they used them. John O'Neill, who at one time had driven the various carriages for the Perkins family of Cleveland, was owner of the Cleveland Express. Three C's Highway and other money making motor freight lines. He being a very savvy Irishman, who knew his horses and still liked to dabble in them, was the man who bought for and kept filled the Rose Hill stables. O'Neill was a shrewd buyer, probably the rail magnates considered a fitting price for any horse to fill that luxurious stable. Must be in the tall figures—anyhow O'Neill knew his horses, so figure it out for yourselves. He must have had many a chuckle when looking at that shiney brass reflected on the hides of the sleek horses he brought in. Grown sleek on oats, a feed they had never seen or heard of before coming to carry the rail-

## Meadow Brook

Continued from Page One

twisted and turned through Broad Hollow, not daring to straighten out and face the open country. Hounds lost him in the woods south of the Morgan house and patiently worked eastwards as far as Aldrich's where he was viewed by an outrider trotting placidly by the children's play house. If scent had been good before, it was now, what Allison describes as "like a house afire". East ran the fox through Woodwards' left handed into Whitehouse's and on to the nursery at the Glen Head corner. Wire must have turned him here for there is no traffic and back he sped through Joe Davis', into Woodwards', on southwards through Franche's over the Fruitledge road into Howe's. Everyone expected he was headed for the popular fox drain on Mr. Howe's driveway and so he was, but hounds were pursuing him so hard he had to pass it by. He turned his mask then for his home covert to the East, crossed the Jericho-Glen Head road but apparently thinking the steep wooded hill ahead was too much of a muchness, he swung left handed through Livermore's, Smith's and Burrill's and then turned east again till he reached the Thompson woods. He doubled back here and facing the open, fled across Burrill's and the Point-to-Point course, crossed the road into Norton's, turned right handed back of Mrs. Hewlett's house, crossed the Jericho-East Norwich road and made his way through wire into Judge Gary's. Leaving 7 1-2 couple and a good number of horsemen entangled in wire, he crossed the Jericho turnpike by the old Quaker Meeting House into Kent's and ran on down to the woods by the railroad tracks. Horses were done to a turn and so were horsemen. The indefatigable 4 couple were collected, much against their wills, and the survivors of this one and a half hours of delight reeled towards home.

Tuesday Jan. 26. When the five-year-old dumpling and her retinue of two black dogs, one Labrador and one Cocker, trailed off to school it was what my foreign-born friends so nicely describe as a soft day. But three hours later when Dick rode by on young Harry's blanketed brown Thoroughbred, a damp, gnawing cold was already freezing the earth's crust. I called to him, "Where do hounds meet?" Drawing rein, he told me the Kennels, and we agreed the day might be very good.

I knew it had been better than good when the telephone rang and I heard Allison's voice. Why is it that only the gentlemen from below the Mason-Dixon and from the Emerald Isle, are blessed with the gift of using the English language as an angel plays a harp. "I've been thinkin' of you all day", was the opening sentence. When Allison is hunting hounds he knows, and he knows that I know, his mind is exclusively occupied with hunting down and killing foxes. However, such an introduction to any story guarantees receptivity on the listening end. "You must have had a splendid day?", I suggested. "That's just why I was thinkin' bout you. It was a real old fashioned huntin' day, just the kind

readers around. Of course in the old days, when John O'Neill was hooked up with Harry McNair of Chicago, it was a matter of making money, but now it was just a case of harking back to an old love, to keep his hand in!

you and I had so many of. We drew Sir Ashley's blank and drew blank on down to them woods above the Fish Hatchery. You know just above that white house that's above them ponds. Hounds jumps a fox here and away he streaks south to Oeland's, then right handed over Columbia into Sir Ashley's to the white slat fence opposite Mr. Schefer's place. The fox doubles back crosses Sir Ashley's runnin' south, and then that big field between the two roads where so many people fell into them carrot pits the day that Prince of Sweden was out. He doesn't cross the railroad tracks but runs through Loud's, east across Oeland's and down that motorcycle hill. Remember it, don't you? (I had reasons to, and so said). Well, he swings left when he gets to the bottom and back we goes through Jones', Columbia and Sir Ashley's and was houn's runnin'—he turns again in Sir Ashley's and over all them fences we went. The goin' was terrible. A horse had to fiddle about with his feet till he could find somethin' solid enough to jump from. South he run again. I reckon he was a gentleman fox that had been out a 'courtin'. Back over Oeland's, down that damn hill once more. Why do they call it a hill? Honest to God it must be steep as them Rocky Mountains. He runs west. I expect figurin' he could make his earth, but he couldn't hold that notion long, not the way houn's was runnin'. I had four couple puppies out an' they was tired but they kept huntin' and runnin' as good as any of the old houn's. Well the fox not makin' his covert, turns left handed through Jones, left again and south through the woods to the far edge of Oeland's, where houn's mark him in that earth just below them fields. An hour and a half it was. I don't expect the point were much, not more'n two miles but houn's run near fourteen miles. One little lady were so tired an' cold she come on back to the kennels where we warms her up and she leaves her horse in the hunt stables over night. I felt terrible you wasn't out to see how houn's hunted today, particularly them puppies.—Betty Babcock.

## Maryland Horse Shows Hold Annual Election

The annual meeting of the Association of Maryland Horse Shows was held on Monday, January 11, 1943 at 8 p. m.

The following officers were elected to serve for the year 1943:

D. Sterett Gittings, President, Henry A. Dentry, Vice President, Mrs. W. Graham Boyce, Treasurer, Hugo R. Hoffman, Secretary, Miss Priscilla Fuller, Recorder of Points.

The following directors were elected to serve for the same period:

Howard O. Firor, Roland B. Smith, William A. Sehlhorst, Mrs. W. Graham Boyce, Hugo R. Hoffman, Gordon M. F. Stick, Walter J. Appel, D. Sterett Gittings, Henry A. Dentry, and Miss Priscilla Fuller.

The secretary urged all member shows to continue, if possible, even though this may necessitate a smaller number of exhibitors and smaller attendance. The important thing was to maintain the tradition and operation of horse shows in Maryland for the younger generation and for our men in the armed services so that they would find our various organizations intact and ready to go on, upon their return.

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# In The Country:-



## Baldwin Second Lieutenant

A. A. "Sandy" Baldwin, he's a second lieutenant now, dropped by the office in Berryville Saturday morning from Martinsburg, W. Va., point of debarkation from Fort Riley, Kansas, en route to his home in White Post, just ten miles distant. Lieut. Baldwin recently completed the officer candidate course at Riley, and was on a ten-day leave to take care of a few pressing matters on his farm.

## Time Off

Hubert Phipps, publisher-owner of the Virginia Breeder and the Fauquier Democrat over in Warrenton, took time off from such duties Wednesday morning to look in on a suit in Leesburg involving an alleged sale contract of a newspaper in that town.

## Bay Meadows Officials

George W. Shilling has been appointed presiding steward at the Bay Meadows Spring Meeting, opening February 20. Other officials announced by General Manager William P. Kyne, include—Chester C. Jones, R. E. Leighninger and George D. Murphy, associate stewards, James C. McGill, paddock steward, Charles F. Henry racing secretary and handicapper, Eddie Thomas starter, John Maiben, Russel Sanders and Fred Cantrell patrol judges, R. F. Brown timer and Frank Peterson track superintendent.

## Fire At Bay Meadows

On January 30, a spectacular blaze of undetermined origin broke out at the Bay Meadows Race track, reducing one barn to ashes, with a loss estimated at around \$10,000. Risky Man by Riskulus, and owned by Chester Lauck had to be destroyed. His Kentucky Derby candidate Country Gent escaped injury.

## Good News From Mexico

After being closed since October 18, Agua Caliente is scheduled to reopen. The tentative date for the opening is March 14th. Races will be held on Sundays only and possibly on holidays if it does not conflict with Southern California meets. The second richest steeplechase on the continent was Agua Caliente's Gran Nacional which was run in 1941 and 1942 with a purse of \$10,000 added.

## Snow And Sleighs

Middleburg has long ago gotten used to the many kinds, colors and sizes of carts and buggies which form a part of its every day traffic. Last week, however, this was augmented with horse-drawn sleighs for a few days. Mrs. Norman Toerge, driving Maxie was visiting the country-side accompanied by Mrs. Christopher Green, Jr.; from Jack Skinner's stable Emmett Roberts was driving his own Buckeye, 3-year-old blood brother of the good 'chaser, Redlands, with Mrs. Prentice Porter,

joint-M. F. H. of Cobbler Hunt and Mrs. Skinner. A youngster from the Skinner household staff had his sled hooked on behind. Fred Embrey, whipper-in for Middleburg Hounds, drove Hope, 9-year-old daughter of Major Warburg's favorite mount for 11 seasons, Janie, into town and brought along a couple of people from the farm. Miss Laura Sprague, sec'y of the Middleburg Hunt, has been hunting a good looking chestnut filly and also driving her. Sprague was in town Friday and had the filly all dressed up in old-time sleigh bells. From Glenora, owned by the Raymond Tartiere's, another sleigh put in its appearance in town for local marketing.

## Bay Meadows To Open

The Bay Meadows race track near San Francisco, having received permission from the army authorities, plans to open the track again on February 20, for a 52-day meeting.

## Bing Has New Ranch

Bing Crosby has recently purchased a 3,500 acre ranch near Elko, Nevada with some 500 head of Hereford cattle on it. He is planning to ship some 30 to 40 head of his Thoroughbreds there.

## On Duty At Bliss

It is reported that Anderson Fowler of the Essex Foxhounds is now commissioned and is on duty at Fort Bliss, with the 1st Cavalry Division.

## Fullerton Inn Heard From

Word comes from Ed Vail that the Inn will open up again next trail season and that Mrs. Anzle B. Mead will have the management of the stables. Mrs. Mead will ride up from Goldens Bridge, New York, taking 10 or 12 days to do it, she expects. She will appreciate any information that Chroniclers may be able to give her regarding the best roads to ride, places to stay en route, etc. The general route will be along the N. Y.-Conn.-N. Y.-Mass. state lines to Vermont, where she can pick up the Green Mountain Trails. She would like to assemble 3 or 4 to make the ride with her. Vail says that anyone interested can contact him at Fullerton Inn, Chester, Vermont.

## A. B. Hancock

A. B. Hancock, Jr., Lieutenant, who has just taken his training in the Air Corps has been transferred to New York.

## Elkridge

The good 'chaser, Elkridge, is to be shipped by Kent Miller to Florida from Aiken it is reported, where he will run on the flat. It seems like a lot to ask of a good horse, go well over the fences then to the flat. It will be interesting to see if he can uphold the reputation he already has made.

## Mounted Motor Corps

Mrs. Deming Wheeler has asked us if we could help form a unit of the Mounted Motor Corps, such as she has successfully organized on the West Coast. Our present hours with The Chronicle will not allow of our personal activity. If there is anyone who could do so, and would like to become associated with the excellent organization, further information can be obtained from Mrs. Wheeler, Assistant Director of Mounted Corps Auxiliary to Motor Corps, American Red Cross, Civic Auditorium, San Francisco, Calif. Mrs. Wheeler is personally known to your Editor. She

## Riding At Casper

By MARGARET LEONARD

Thirty horsemen and women opened the 1943 riding season on Sunday, January 10th at Casper, Wyoming with a ride from the National Guard Armory to the old McFarland Ranch. Located six or seven miles west of the city, this thousand acre ranch was recently acquired by the contracting firm, Sharrock and Pursel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Pursel strolled about the ranch with their guests, discussing the several improvements under way, after which delicious refreshments were served in the now remodelled ranch house.

The day was perfect, with warm sunshine and a gentle wind. All of the horses, even the rental ones, were very gay and spirited—they seemed to think it was spring—and in consequence the trip was delightful, an earnest of the many happy rides to follow.

## Portland Notes

BY PAT WHITE

Mary Drinker on the big bay Jupiter won the annual New Year's Day paper chase of the Portland Hunt Club. An exciting finish was witnessed by the spectators as Sun Rae ridden by Ronald Honeyman, Jr., came out of the woods onto the finish paper first, followed closely by Jupiter. The gelding stayed at the mare's flank for most of the run, but at the crucial moment gave one spurt of speed and nosed out his sister at the finish line. Bill La Grande on Masquerader followed for 3rd.

Mr. and Mrs. Aliek Wilson and Mr. Hugh McGuire laid the sporty course in Hansen Acres and all the contestants were most complimentary on the nature of the chase. Complications were great as it had been raining steadily for several weeks, and parts of the territory near were flooded, but even with this difficulty of bad footing not one spill was encountered. Judges at the finish, where a large audience had gathered by auto caravan, were Mrs. H. Allan Russell and Mr. William Pattullo.

The Highlands Hunt Club has announced the new officers for 1943 elected Sunday, January 17. President; Abe Rosenberg, Vice-president, Mrs. Warren Kaley; Secretary, Beatrice Lauritsen; Treasurer, Rita Barberis and M. F. H., James Emmons.

Charlotte Ann, chestnut Thoroughbred mare by Thunderstorm, has changed ownership from Ryta Esh to Charlotte Montag, who has her under training for the show ring. Private Gaddis Cavenah was recently home over the week end from

is most capable and extremely active at anything she undertakes. She is a really good horsewoman and plays a busy game of polo. Mr. Deming Wheeler is equally active in the horse world, in his own section of the country. It is not conceivable that any promotional undertaking that they would associate themselves with would fail to become useful.

## New Jockey Club Members

The limit on the number of members in The Jockey Club has been met with the addition of 3 new members. Crispin Oglebay, Cleveland, O., W. H. LaBoyteaux, Holmdel, N. J., and John C. Clark, Jr., Binghamton, N. Y., filled the vacancies.

## Bill Schermerhorn

Continued from Page Eleven

horn. She is an alumni of Vassar college.

During the past several years Bill has been a member of a widely known glee club of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and since his arrival at Camp Sibert, Pvt. Schermerhorn has sung with the camp choir in Gadsden, and is a member of the Camp Sibert Glee Club.

—PVT. MARTIN KEAVIN

Camp Adair, Corvallis. Another lucky one who is stationed close to home is Lt. Bill Dirker who is also at Camp Adair. Columbia Hunt Club has started construction on the new ring, office and clubrooms—we wish them the best of luck.

## NEW SUBSCRIBERS

The following new subscribers are welcomed to The Chronicle list for the week of February 5th, 1943:

Miss Pamela H. Hanna, New York.  
Mr. Joseph J. McKenna, Canal Zone.  
Mr. S. N. Fridy, South Dakota.  
Miss Jane Albert, Pennsylvania.  
Mr. E. M. Moore, Pennsylvania.  
Capt. James D. Grosborg, Texas.  
Mrs. Gouverneur Cadwalader, Pennsylvania.  
Mr. Hugh Dean, Michigan.  
Lt. Col. Lewis L. Bredin, Indiana.  
Miss Nancy P. Hanna, Maryland.

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